NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE MAGAZINE

THE Granite Monthly

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Published by Edward T. McShane
94 Concord Street, Manchester, N. H.

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EPTEMBER
1928

20 CENTS

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A Leaf From Lovewell Valley History

AGNES BARNEY YOUNG

The corn, so tall and sturdy grown,
Was tasseled in the field;
Abijah Monroe walked through it, said,
"I'll have an ample yield."
But some one else had glimpsed that corn,
Its ears so long and fair—
Inspection easy, for, in range,
The cave of Mr. Bear.
From forest home on Lovewell's side
He noted things below;
So, when the darkness hid his jaunts,
He knew just where to go.

The land now donning red and gold,
While fall bird's sweet refrain
Was wafted from the showy trees
To echo 'cross the plain.
The picture one of beauty rare,
As autumn sun had set;
Again, the bear tried out the corn,
And grumbled low, "Not yet!"

The Harvest Moon waxed bigger, and,
At last, there came a day,
When 'Bijah Monroe went forth again—
In wonder-born dismay,
For, there were torn and scattered husks
Along the trampled rows—
The costly, crafty night-time raids
'Mong pioneers' woes.

Sad, 'Bijah looked at Lovewell's height,
Disheartened, said "He's there—
"None, none would come to do me ill—
"I'll wager it's a bear."
He went off home and told his Sally—
You know what he'd repeat—
You know a man will pile his troubles
At willing helpmate's feet.

Resourceful, Sally paused to listen,
'Though hands were in the dough,
And, when her 'Bijah ceased relating
His drawn-out tale of woe,
I hear her say, "Why, 'Bijah M—,
"I'll tell you in a trice,
"Go, ask the neighbors what to do,
"They give such good advice."
So 'Bijah off across-lots went,

Lovewell Valley and Mt. Lovewell, East Washington, N. H.
Manahan

Climbed walls a-bounding lands;
And left poor Sally working hard
With both her mind and hands.

'Tis night, some dark forms, stealthily,
Have to the cornfield sped,
And left a piece of tasty bait,
Where depredations led.
Watch! See! A torch glows on the plain,
Another on the hill;
The settlers are a-coming 'round
To see if it's a "kill."
Kind Sally's piled the apples high—
The scene by candles lighted—
The room with folks is filling up,
And they are all excited.
While lively talk goes blithely on
With many a joke and bet—
Outside, the shadows, deepening, creep—
The scene for action set.

Away up on the mountain-side,
A bulky form comes out,
And sniffs at fragrance of the air—
Detects no one about.
He looks back at the opening of
That snug and hidden den;
He loves this quiet tree-trimmed spot—
He'll soon be back again.
The brush snaps, as he travels on
A-down the bouldered steep;
He's husky, and 'most ready for
The long, long, winter's sleep.
The birds, in birches tall a-roosting,
Cast down one sleepy eye
At Bruin, their disturber, passing,
So slyly ambling by.

He's reached the clearing now, and sees
The cornstalks in full view;
He's coming nearer, nearer, sniffs—
A scent—not corn—it's new.
He scouts around for choice lure—
Ah, he espies the treat,
With cunning, closer he creeps up—
The settlers' trick complete.
He nibbles, likes, then grabs the bait—
A gun sounds on the air—
Four feet will never travel back
To cherished wild-wood lair.

Out, out, the watchers rushed, and some,
The nimblest, sped ahead,
A-shouting back, "Come on, come on,
"He's dead, old Bruin's dead!"
They dragged him out on stubble-bed,
And found the bullet-hole—

Unique, the picture, torch-lit, weird,
Upon the wind-swept knoll.
The trick, so skilfully, was played;
To trigger of a gun
Attached a piece of savory pork—
A jerk—the deed was done.

* * * * *

When Harvest Moon 'bove Lovewell's crest
Lights churchyard on the hill,
The ancient tombstones' even rows,
Come with me, if you will,
And, while you read on graying slab
The names "Abijah, Sally,"
A bear will leave his mountain home,
A bear without an ally,
And re-enact in phantom corn
The legend of the valley.

At An August Dawning

ELEANOR W. VINTON

At an August dawning
Where mist curtains curly
Wave like a wind-blown awning
Silken soft and pearly

Have you watched the fairy
Dancers all a-tingle,
Petticoats quite airy,
Tiny bells a-jingle?

Scurrying and bustling
Dainty slippers quiver,
Chiffon skirts all rustling
Mirrored in the river?

Watched them vanish quickly
When the imps of daylight
With their whisk brooms prickly
Whisk away the graylight?

Prohibition and Christian Ethics

HARRY TAYLOR

NINE years ago the rulers of the United States came to the conclusion that the consumption of alcoholic beverages—wines, spirits and beer—was a serious menace to the well being of the country. They consequently passed the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act to prohibit the sale and consumption of these beverages in the United States of America.

It is very questionable whether the majority of the people of these states were in favor of Prohibition when it became law. There is more than a suspicion that the very legislators who passed the law were for the most part drinkers of alcohol in some form or other. The minority group who "put over" Prohibition were able to do so because of certain psychological factors operating at the time. The strongest of these factors, of course, was the war fever which had more or less moulded the mass of people into a docile and pliable form ready and eager to do anything they were told, if they were informed that it was "patriotic".

However, Prohibition is with us today; it is the law of the land; why not make the best of it and do our best to make people obey it? We all know, say the people of the above opinion, that alcohol is not necessary in any form, that it is injurious to the human system. Why not then continue to prohibit it until the younger generation has ceased to have any knowledge of alcoholic beverages.

But that is exactly what is being done today: the people of this country are for the most part making an attempt to obey and to enforce Prohibition but they are not succeeding very well. In order to show why this is it will be necessary to talk a little of what I will call the Philosophy of Lawmaking.

A law is a rule of order or conduct established by authority and there is not a society in existence that does not enforce, for its own preservation, such laws and rules of conduct as are deemed necessary. But it has to be observed that the laws or rules of conduct laid down by any group are only obeyed when there is first of all in that society a feeling that such laws or rules are good and proper. That is to say, the laws that are unhesitatingly obeyed by the great majority in any said group are such as would be observed by choice—law or no law. They are rules of conduct that have become embedded in the mores and folkways of the group long before the authority makes them law. In other words, all good and sound laws are merely the recording by king or legislative assembly of rules of conduct that are already observed by the mass of people.

All tribes and nations for centuries past have had laws regarding murder. Murder, in almost every group, is the most reprehensible of actions. The normal human being shrinks with horror from the act of murder. Even if no law were passed in any group there would still be some recourse to speedy and drastic action upon the part of the citizens when a murder occurred.

It is the same with robbery. The mass of people shun the very idea of robbery or theft. For long ages there has been passed on from generation to generation a feeling against robbery. The automatic passing of laws against robbery follows long after that offense

is registered against in the hearts and lives of the mass of people.

The saying that "You cannot make people good by act of Parliament" is true of the making of laws in all ages. Wherever an act has been passed before the people were ready for it, wherever an act has been passed that was not prompted by the mass of people themselves, there has always been failure in the administration of that law.

Now as regards the drinking of alcoholic beverages, is such an act considered a crime by the common man and the common woman? We know that it is not. Even when a person drinks to excess—as is frequently the case—still we would find it hard to find an ordinary man or woman who would regard even that as a crime. Most of us would say immediately that drunkenness is a sin, an impropriety, a foolish submission of oneself to an appetite, but we would not say that drunkenness was a crime. We are none of us persuaded that a man is a criminal because he takes a glass of beer or spirits. We are far too near the time when heavy drinking was the rule and when men—parsons, lords and commoners—often finished their drinking in a drunken sleep under the table.

It will be seen from the above that the drinking of alcoholic beverages is in a different category from robbery and theft and adultery and murder. These latter are already made illegal in the hearts and lives of the people but not so the former.

It is true that just before the war the excesses of drinking had begun to shock the normal, decent man and woman. No one with any sense of decency liked to see the saloons at every street corner exploiting the instinct of conviviality for private gain. No one liked to think that a vast and powerful combine—the Liquor Trade—was interested in making people drink as much as they could possibly hold. To this extent the conscience of the people had changed since the days of Dickens and Abraham Lincoln.

But the conscience of the people ten years ago did not insist that the liquor traffic should be abolished; it merely insisted that the time had come when it ought to be controlled. That is the extent to which the conscience of the people goes today and that is why the administration of Prohibition as a whole has been and is a failure. It has gone far beyond what reasonable people considered was necessary.

So much for Prohibition: now let us examine Christian Ethics and try to see what it has to say upon the question of Prohibition. It is my contention that the teaching of Christian Ethics is against the policy of Prohibition. Prohibition, that is to say, is not good Christian Ethics.

Christian Ethics is the teachings of Jesus upon life and conduct. It is his way of making people good. The ministers of the Christian Churches are trying to make people good in a different manner from the law makers. Jesus said "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." What exactly did he mean? He meant just this: "There are many admirable things that are Caesar's, things that are necessary for the maintenance of society as it exists today. It is Caesar's task to enforce them as best he can by law and statute and soldier and policeman. These belong to Caesar; but I have a different way. I do not try to make men and women do good by force. I do not try to make people do the thing that is right and fitting because of the policeman's truncheon. I try to make men and women *desire* to be good; I try to make men and women hunger and thirst after righteousness; I try to give men and

women a new heart and a new conscience so that they not only obey Caesar but someone immeasurably higher than Caesar."

Because of the hardness of our hearts, as Jesus said to the Jews, we need laws and policemen and such like, but they are not the weapons of the Christian if he be a real follower of Jesus. If the Christian desires that men should cease to indulge in intoxicating liquor he does not call in the aid of the policeman and the jailer. He knows, if he has penetrated to the heart of the Christian religion, that you cannot *force* men to be good. If you want men and women to be good and to desire goodness you must create in their hearts a liking for goodness. A drunkard converted from drinking by the methods of Caesar gets blind drunk again immediately he is outside the prison walls. A man converted from drinking by the application of Christian Ethics can pass a hundred saloons in a day and not be tempted for he has lost the desire to drink. It takes much longer to make men good by the Christian method but it is much surer.

Modern Education is founded upon the same idea. The old method was that of force and punishment. The older educationalist conceived the pupil as a kind of human container into whom—willingly or unwillingly—so much knowledge had to be poured from the educational ladle. In the old system of education, that is to say, the free play and growth of the child was not considered at all. Our modern ideas are different. They seem to be founded upon Christian Ethics. The end in view is the production of free, intelligent and self-directing men and women such as are needed in our modern day.

The old education hammered knowledge into the child by the rule of force; the new education seeks to draw out of the pupil his best talents and energies by understanding and sympathy. There is little of "Thou shalt not" about our modern education just as there is little of that spirit in Christian Ethics.

People governed by the "Thou shalt not" method are not the material for a spiritual and enlightened democracy. Jesus saw this very clearly in his day and offered something very different from the negative laws of Moses which mainly consist of "Thou shalt not's."

Christian Ethics seeks to redeem men from ignorance and sin by revealing to them the eternal truths of right living and by giving them such a vision and such a desire for the Life-Eternal—which is the life that is lived right here and now when one loves the truth and seeks it with one's whole heart—that the lower and sensual desires wither and fall off for lack of nourishment. Christianity seeks to show men the path into the kingdom of Truth, Beauty and Goodness and create in their hearts such a desire to tread that path that they no longer have any desire for sin and sensuality and selfishness. Christianity cures men of a lust for the lower things of life by giving them a love for the things that are higher. It takes a long time to do it but it is the only way that it can be done.

Not by way of Prohibitions, that is to say, can men be saved but only by way of enlightenment and understanding and love. The policeman has no place in the Kingdom of God. Christianity affirms that the man that is saved by force and by law and prohibitions is not saved at all and never will be saved until he desires of his own free will and judgment something better.

What, then, has the teaching of Christian Ethics to say upon the problem of drunkenness? It says to begin with, in the words of old John Bright, that force is no remedy. You cannot make a citizen of God's Kingdom out of a man

simply by passing a law that if he drinks intoxicating liquor you will clap him in jail. If he has any manhood in him at all your prohibition may have the result of making him drink all the harder. Says Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Drive out nature with a fork and she comes running back." That is what our Prohibition friends are trying to do; they are trying to drive out nature with a fork and she is coming running back.

Saint Paul says somewhere, "If meat cause my brother to stumble I will eat no meat forevermore." Our modern Christian Prohibitionists have altered that text to another which reads, "If drink cause my brother to stumble I will call in a policeman and clap him in jail." It is an easy way to get rid of an obnoxious fellow but he remains a problem just the same when he emerges resentful and bewildered out of prison.

How then ought the Christian Church to deal with the drink problem? The end in view—and let there be not the slightest doubt about that—ought to be a society where men and women will no longer desire intoxicating drinks of any kind. But the Christian Church, if it has both the wisdom of the serpent and the softness of the dove, will be very chary about using the instruments of Caesar in fighting the liquor problem. Rather will it seek to break men away gradually from a habit which is as old as the race.

If men must drink, it should say, let them drink in as seemly a place as possible and surrounded with all the safeguards of human decency and fellowship. Let there be no profit or exploitation for evil ends, in this drink business in future. Apply law to this great question but do it wisely, judiciously and in such a manner that men's resentment and animosity be not unduly kindled.

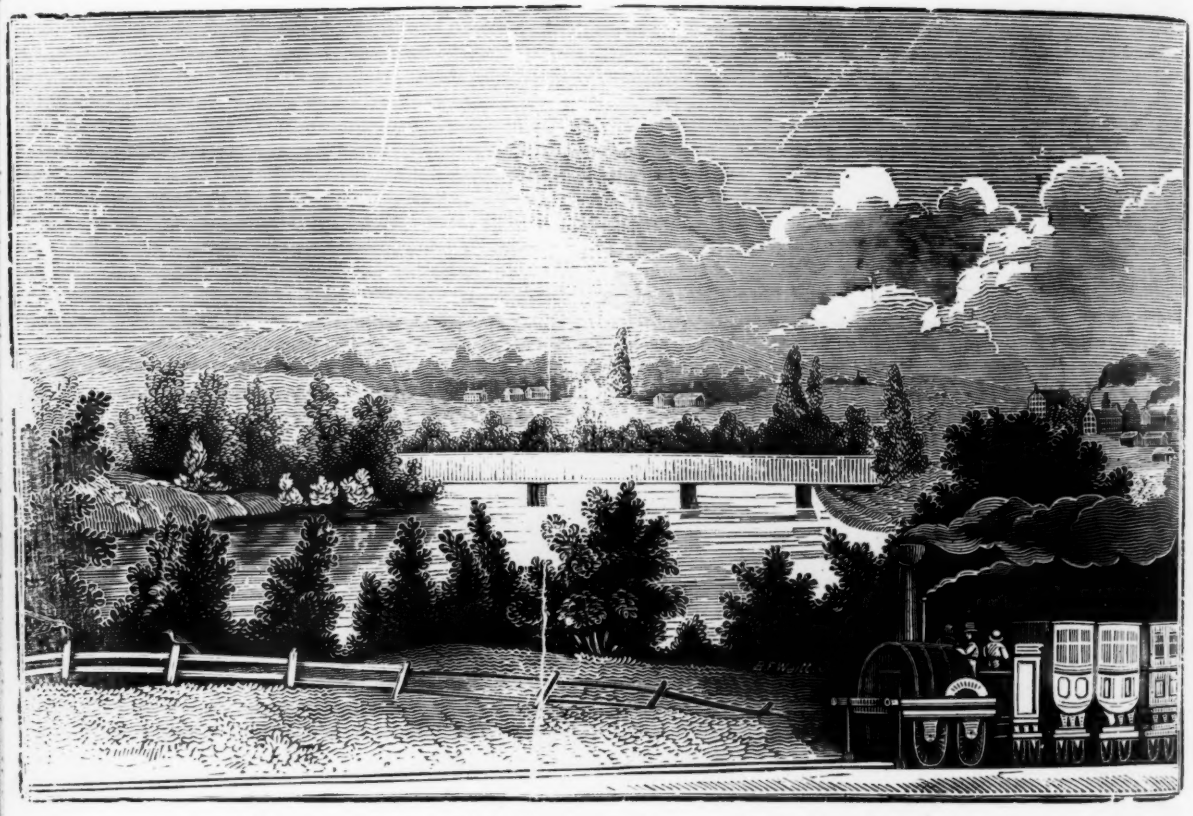
It is the duty of the Christian Church to lead men gently away from intoxicating liquors by showing them something infinitely preferable and by creating in their hearts a desire for that which is better. It is a long and an arduous task, of course, but whoever imagined that the Christian task was anything else but a long and arduous one.

Prohibition is another of these short cuts that our modern "democracies" seem so fond of trying to take into the kingdom of God. But the Christian Church, if it possesses any of the wisdom of its founder, ought to know that there are no short cuts either in the perfecting of character or in the production of a true democracy. These so-called "short-cuts" invariably end in a morass.

The Map of New Hampshire

POTTER SPAULDING

The Mountain Maid, New Hampshire,
To her many loving friends,
The season's choicest greetings
And her latest likeness sends!
It hardly does her justice,
It makes her look quite plain,
But 'twill serve as a reminder
'Gainst the time you come again
To renew a lasting friendship
'Mid Mother Nature's smiles,
Where life is more than living
And distance knows no miles!



Old Woodcut of date of 1844 Showing Type of Early Locomotive and Cars and the First Granite Bridge at Manchester, N. H., Built in 1840.

Early Railroad Days

FRED W. LAMB

ON THE Fourth of July, 1842, Manchester witnessed a celebration which will always be remembered. The most noteworthy event of the day was the official opening of the Concord Railroad from Nashua to Manchester. The occasion was a gala day to the people of Nashua and Manchester. Persons flocked from all quarters to see the steam cars fly over the road at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. This train was drawn by one of the old style, light, wood-burning locomotives and consisted of a few passenger cars filled with the officials of the road and other prominent citizens of the towns along the line.

The advent of the railroad was the occasion of suspicion, and many of those who lined the right of way viewed the passing train with much distrust. For four years the road handled all of its business on a single track and siding. The line was opened to Concord on the first of September, 1842. An additional track to accommodate its increasing business was built in 1846-7-8.

The trains were quite quaint in appearance, the cars and locomotives being small and coupled together with chains. The dead woods to take the shock of collision in shifting and making up trains, were constructed by extending the side sills of the cars and covering their ends with a loose cap of leather, which being stuffed with waste, made a cushion that deadened the shock to a considerable extent as the cars came together to make a hitch.

The Manchester and Lawrence Railroad was opened to Manchester, November 13, 1849. In 1850 a railway was built from Portsmouth to Candia, Suncook and Concord known as the Portsmouth and Concord railway. It did not pay expenses and in 1861 its name was changed to the Concord and Portsmouth, the track between Candia and Suncook was discontinued, a new track was built from Candia to Manchester and the Concord and Lawrence railways built jointly with the piece from Hooksett to Suncook. The New Hampshire Central Railway, now known as the Manchester and North Weare railway was built in 1849 and 1850 from Manchester to Henniker, but the piece between North Weare and Henniker was afterwards torn up. This caused great excitement at the time, being done on a Sunday, Oct. 31, 1858, by a gang of men who came from Concord with four locomotives. The reason which was given as the cause was that "it suited the interests of the owners of the railway."

The first passenger station in this city was built of brick and fronted on Canal street, north of Granite street, and was built in the early forties. In the old days it boasted a portico and long steps running the entire length of the building on the west side.

The New Hampshire Central Railway was built by laborers who lived in shanties south of Granite street and all along the line, wherever the work was in progress. It was in 1849 that there was a row between these laborers and a gang of toughs. Excitement ran high when Joseph Rowell, an oldtime pioneer, read the riot act to the crowd. Mr. Rowell was a sheriff and it was supposed that by virtue of his office, his dignified reading of the riot act might settle the business.

But the rioters were furious and be-

came so threatening that Mr. Rowell beat a hasty retreat and hid under the long steps on the west side of the building. The crowd got a long pole and prodded the concealed sheriff until he emerged from his hiding place. It took some time before he could convince himself that he had not been stabbed.

At that time the railway ran between this building and the freight station of those times which stood upon the easterly side of the lot where the Children's Playgrounds are now located. The business of the corporation increased so fast that by 1853 it outgrew its facilities and its cars used to obstruct public travel by remaining on the track at the crossing of Granite street. The city brought a number of suits against the road and meetings of the citizens of Manchester and Bedford were held to endorse this action.

The corporation finally agreed to build a new passenger station upon the site of the then freight station and erect a new freight station south of Granite street. This second passenger station was completed in 1855 and the suits were withdrawn. This station was built of brick in the form of a cross 310 feet in length and 80 feet in width. Both of these stations were torn down upon the building of the present passenger and freight stations, the present passenger station being opened to the public on March 6, 1898, the present freight station having been completed somewhat earlier.

Conductors in those days were expected to be at the head station, as the depot was then known, to attend to their duties at least half an hour before starting time and they were required to give notice in both the gentlemen's and ladies' waiting rooms of the time their train would leave, at least five minutes prior to starting. They were also required to take tickets and fares, see that the train was made up right, announce the names of the various stations plainly, look after the condition of the cars and report all repairs that were necessary and while in the stations at Manchester, Nashua and Lowell, keep back the crowds and coach drivers, make records of arrival in the several stations and at all times be prompt, obliging and attentive.

At this period of time there was only one brakeman upon the train and among his duties were first, to see that the cars were properly warmed and that the axles were oiled. He received and had charge of the baggage on the train, this coming to him from the baggage master at the station, properly marked. He was supposed to look up lost baggage and to handle all baggage carefully. He was to ride upon the platform when the train was in motion. Particular emphasis was laid upon the order "not to apply brakes so as to cause the wheels to slide at any time except to prevent collision or other similar accident."

Freight conductors were required to see that all cars were properly and safely loaded and to have charge of all shifting and making up of train, taking no car in the train unless the loading was perfectly safe while freight brakemen were required to see that the cars were properly oiled and when the train was in motion were to be at the brakes ready for any emergency. The running time between Concord and Nashua was three hours and no freight train was allowed to run at a greater speed than fourteen miles an hour.

The engineer was then known as the "engineman" and he was especially cautioned about blowing the whistle about the stations or elsewhere, except in case of necessity, for fear of annoying the public. Firemen were required to see that the engine had a sufficient

supply of wood, the locomotives being all wood burners at this period, and on returning to the house had to clear the firebox and ashpan of cinders and aid the engineer in cleaning the working parts of the locomotive.

The bridges at Goffs Falls and Hooksett were objects of especial care and engineers were cautioned in passing through them to "shut off the draft of his engine and use all precaution as to fire and smoke." Foot passengers were prohibited passing over the bridges and were warned that any violation of this regulation would expose them to great danger.

Brakemen and firemen were required to take sufficient time in oiling engines and cars so that the boxes would not be overrun so as to waste the oil, and the use of oil in kindling fires or interference with oil in the care of other persons was strictly forbidden.

No persons except the watchmen were allowed about the engine houses, machine shops or other buildings of the road on Sunday without the permission or on the request of the shop overseer, roadmaster or superintendent. The use of ardent spirits on the road or about the premises except for mechanical purposes was strictly forbidden and no smoking was allowed about the railroad premises or on any trains by any of the employees of the railroad.

Directors and leading officials of the road and of other New England roads were passed over the line but all other railroad employees must pay fare or have a pass from the superintendent of the road.

Under the baggage regulations but fifty pounds of baggage was to be carried upon each ticket, all over that weight being charged for at the rate of twenty-five cents for each fifty pounds excess through to Boston, with proportionate charges for lesser distances, said charges to be paid to the baggage master and by him to the station agent. No baggage was allowed to be forwarded by the passenger train unless accompanied by the owner or some person in charge of it.

It is an interesting fact known to comparatively few that the City of Nashua was in those early days known as Nashville and all railroad timetables, etc., were printed bearing that name.

Locomotive building in Manchester was commenced in 1848, it is said, as that is the date given when the first locomotive built by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, the "Etna," was turned out of the old shop. It was built for the Northern Railroad and was not delivered until 1849. The demand for locomotives built by the Amoskeag steadily increased until they reached a miximum of sixty a year, turning out more than one a week frequently. Among others they built six engines for the Michigan Central Railroad. They averaged in price about $8,750 each, or $525,000 in the gross. The locomotives weighed from twenty to thirty tons each and were built for home use, the Western railroads and the Canadas.

The business was finally discontinued by the Amoskeag Company in 1855 or 1857. The total number of locomotives built by the Company was 232. The last order and the last locomotives built were for the Grand Trunk Railway. During the period when locomotives were under construction by the Amoskeag Company, Oliver W. Bayley and Cyrus W. Baldwin were agents of the Amoskeag machine shop.

At the annual State Fair held at Manchester, October 5, 6 and 7, 1853, O. W. Bayley, Manchester, Agent of the Amoskeag machine shop was awarded a medal for a locomotive engine.

There are three very interesting old lithographs of Amoskeag locomotives on exhibition at the rooms of the Manchester Historic Association in the new Carpenter Memorial Library building. The first and largest of these was named the "Gen. Stark, No. 2." It was a twenty-four ton passenger engine built for the Concord Railroad in June, 1849, with five and one half foot wheels and weighing 46,000 pounds. It is a very quaint view as the engine has an extremely large smokestack.

Another engine, of which the Historic Association has a picture was named "Amoskeag." It had 15 inch cylinders, 26 inch stroke, 140 flues 2 inches in diameter and 11 feet long with 5½ foot driving wheels and weighed 48,000 pounds. The third picture is of an inside connected passenger engine bearing the name J. B. Jervis.

John C. Moore paid a visit to the old big shop in 1853 and wrote a description of what he saw there. In regard to the building of locomotives he wrote quite a description, given in part as follows:

"I was soon introduced to the locomotive department, where, amid the clanking of ponderous hand tools, the thundering music of a multitude of tilt hammers of all sorts and sizes, the rasping sound of files and the dull solidity of sound which the monster planing and punching machines give forth, I discovered some half a dozen large locomotives in progress, besides one outside the door in process of being fired up for a testing operation.

"These engines were in various stages of forwardness, one nearly finished. The finished engine to which I referred was designed for the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, was some twenty-four tons weight and was named Missouri. It is, in all its parts, not excluding the ornamental (the mere finishing of which was only required) one of the most splendid engines I have ever seen. It was numbered 124 and took the prize medal at the late State Fair. They now have thirty-five in the course of construction and have lately received an order for twenty locomotives from the Northern Indiana Railroad.

"In the carpenters' department the accuracy and easiness of production were noticeable. I saw one of those coverings, or sheds, which form the engineer's shelter on locomotive engines, which had been sawed, planed, cut, morticed, beaded, ornamented and thoroughly prepared for the hand of the builder and everything done by machinry but the simple putting together and painting.

"In the locomotive department the heavier descriptions of planing and finishing are done. I noticed several of the large driving wheels with their cranked axles, moving round in the process of planing, which is accomplished with a mathematical exactitude calculated to surprise the tyro in mechanics. I here saw turning lathes, calculated to operate on all sizes of material, from an inch to twenty feet in circumference. The cylinders for the locomotives are turned and prepared here and the process is one which to the uninitiated possesses much interest. The surprising accuracy with which these massive tubes of iron are shaved into proportion, inside and out as if they were made of wood, instead of the most solid iron, is wonderful to behold.

"From thence I went to the boiler and tank shop. Here the boilers and locomotive tenders are made. It happened to be the day after the fair when I paid my visit, on which account I am constrained to be thankful, for the cyclopean din was great enough with but a few at work, to satisfy me of the truth

of the comparative saying:—'as noisy as a boiler maker.' I stood the hammering in of one rivet like a martyr and left, counting on my way back to the more peaceable regions some ten or twelve tenders in various stages of finish, besides the furnaces and boilers of as many locomotives."

The Manchester Locomotive Works were started in 1853 by several individuals under the firm name of Bayley, Blood and Company and were called the Vulcan Works. In the year 1854 the Company obtained a charter and became a corporation under the name of the Manchester Locomotive Works. The capital stock was placed at $300,000 one half of which was paid in, the incorporators being O. W. Bayley, Aretas Blood and J. M. Store.

In the spring and summer of 1854 shops of brick were built at the corner of Hollis and Canal streets. They consisted of a building parallel with Canal street, two stories high and four hundred feet long by eighty-four feet wide, for a machine shop. There was also a woodshop, two stories high, one hundred feet long and forty feet wide; a blacksmith shop, three hundred and thirty feet long and fifty feet wide; a boiler shop two hundred and five feet long and fifty-two feet wide and later a tank shop two hundred and thirty feet long and thirty-six feet wide.

The capacity of the works at this time was three locomotives a month and three hundred men were employed. In 1865 the company purchased from the Manchester Iron Company the old iron foundry located just south of the freight depot. Here the company made all their own castings of which three million, five hundred thousand pounds were used in 1873. At this time also, the company used one million, eight hundred thousand pounds of boiler plates, forty-five hundred tons of coal and a thousand cords of wood and two hundred thousand pounds of brass castings and two million, five hundred thousand pounds of forgings per year. The company manufactured all the heavy forgings, frames, axles, etc., which it used and had two furnaces constantly in operation, using the scrap iron which accumulated at the works. In 1875 seven hundred men were employed.

The first agent was Oliver W. Bayley, who was for many years head of the Amoskeag Machine Shop where he obtained his knowledge of locomotives. He was succeeded in 1857 by Aretas Blood who had formerly been connected with the Essex Company at Lawrence, Mass., which had been in the locomotive business. The president of the Company at this time was John A. Burnham, of Boston, and William G. Means of Manchester was treasurer.

The first locomotive built by the Manchester Locomotive Works was named the "Pioneer". The engine was not sold or delivered until March 24th, 1855 when a duplicate was built and the two were sold to the Central Military Track Railroad and the names changed to "Cossack" and "Corsair." These engines had cylinders 15x20, the boiler forty-two inches in diameter with copper tube sheets and tubes, outside connected, 60 inch driving wheels and weighed 48,000 pounds.

The tank had a capacity of 1,400 gallons. This road was afterwards merged with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. The next engine was built in April of the same year, was named the "Troubadour," delivered to the Chicago & Aurora Railroad. The fourth engine went to the C. B. & Q. R. R., all of which engines were alike. Twenty-four engines in all were built in 1855, thirteen in 1856 and nine in 1857.

Some very fanciful names were given to engines built at this period, among

them being the "North Wind," the "South Wind," the "West Wind," the "Gray Eagle," the "Golden Eagle," "Lightfoot" and "Quickstep." During the Civil War the names of various generals became favorites, several engines being named for Generals Grant and Sherman.

During the panic of 1857, the building of locomotives was discontinued until better times and the plant was leased by Aretas Blood who then ran a general machine shop under his own name. He built portable sawmill engines, woodplaners, machine tools, stationary boilers and such work.

The building of locomotives was resumed in 1863 but the first engine was not delivered until June, 1864, nine being built that year, of which four were for the United States Government for its military railroad. In 1865 the shops built seventeen, the weight of the engines having increased to 60,000 pounds and the size of the cylinders to 16x24.

In the year 1872, Mr. Blood, who had become the principal owner of the Manchester Locomotive Works, purchased the steam fire engine business known as the "Amoskeag" from the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.

Oliver W. Bayley was agent from 1854 to 1857 when he was succeeded by Aretas Blood, who remained in that office up to the time of his death, November 24, 1897, he being succeeded by Charles T. Means from 1897 to July 1st, 1901, when the business was taken over by the American Locomotive Company. During this period the Manchester Locomotive Works built 1793 locomotives. The American Locomotive Company operated the plant until a few years ago when all operations were suspended, and the plant is now idle.

The Manchester Historic Association in its rooms at the Carpenter Memorial Library, has a very interesting picture of the works as they appeared in the early days. The writer has a fine photograph of the locomotive "Shawmut" built by the Manchester Locomotive Works for the Boston & Maine Railroad and delivered in 1864. The photograph was made by the late A. D. Stark and was taken just outside of the lower end of the shop. It is an American type of locomotive with four driving wheels and a four wheeled truck. On a fancy plate between the driving wheels appears the following "Manchester Locomotive Works. A. Blood, Agt., 1864." The cylinders are entirely covered with finished brass work.

The 1854 type of locomotive was larger and in the line of improvement in many details. But few of this class were in service in New England, the Concord and Isaac Spalding on the Concord R. R., the Londonderry on the Manchester & Lawrence and the Middlesex and Jesse Bowers on the Nashua and Lowell R. R.

Nearly all the engines of this type were on western railroads. During early days on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., there were quite a number of these with fanciful names such as Rover, Rattler, Rumbler, Ranger, Greyhound, Foxhound, Staghound, Bloodhound, Northwind, Eastwind, and Southwind and Westwind.

The next type brought out were outside connected engines with inclined cylinders the Concord R. R. having three of them, the Thornton, the Blodget and the Ixion. During the Civil war the Thornton was sold to the government and the last time I saw this engine it was in service between Washington and Alexandria, Va., and bore the name President.

Like other builders the Amoskeag shops had experience in building freak locomotives. One was the Mamaluke with a single pair of driving wheels,

seven feet in diameter and with a walking beam on each side interposed between the cylinder and the driving wheel one end of the beam being connected to the cylinder piston, the other end to the main rod and the driving wheel. I saw this engine on its trial trip which was suddenly interrupted near the old Amoskeag station when it was found that the smoke stack was too high to pass under the dry bridge some distance below Amoskeag bridge. The other freak, named Hooksett, had the cylinders suspended by huge braces midway between the cylinders and front driving wheels. This engine after considerable service in Maine and Massachusetts finally ended its career on the Concord R. R.

The machine shop boys of long ago were quite a merry group and always ready for a practical joke. A locomotive had just been completed for the Cocheco Railroad, extending from Dover to Alton Bay and was standing in the Manchester round house preparatory to being run to Dover under its own steam.

The engine had a rosewood cab, with piano finish, being also highly embellished with polished brass and painted scroll work of variegated colors. A half dozen of the shop boys got together and decided to take a Sunday outing with the engine as the railroad track would be free from trains on that day.

Early in the morning they congregated at the round house, fired up and when the engine had sufficient steam they started on the trip, though with no orders or permission as to the use of the track. Away they went from Manchester to Lawrence, switched over to the Boston & Maine tracks and proceeded to Dover where the engine was left on its future home grounds.

Lines to The Old Man of The Mountain

E. B. M.

Above us brooding against the sky
Like sphinx of Egypt on the sand
That rugged face so clear and high
Serenely overlooks the land.

Do you suppose that God-made face
Was looking down 'cross hill and glade
When Pharoah had his minions place
That mighty image they had made?

These monuments through endless ages
By standing there like flags unfurled
Have made us pause and scan the pages
Of the wondrous story of the world.

And when perchance in future's charts
The sphinx is lost in sandy grave,
May he still charm our children's hearts
Our wonderful Old Man so brave.

INDUSTRIAL NEW HAMPSHIRE

GEORGE C. CARTER

(*Continued from August Number*)

Meredith and Ashland

Six miles north of the Weirs, nestles on one arm of the lake, the beautiful town of Meredith, at once a manufacturing center and a summer resort.

Meredith has a linen mill, making all linen crash toweling, credited with being the only factory of its kind manufacturing a completed article from the raw stock to the finished product.

Also a burial casket factory, making a fine line of goods for a steadily increasing trade. Meredith also makes box shooks and wheelbarrows.

Leaving Meredith we pass by the Squam Lake in Holderness to the hustling town of Ashland, which manufactures hosiery, woolen cloth, paper, lumber and wood turnings. Ashland appreciates the visitor so much that at each end of the town is a neat little arch with a welcoming slogan for those approaching the town and a cheery salutation for those going on their way from the community.

Plymouth

New Hampshire has many gateways, but Plymouth is the real gateway to the Franconia Notch and from the Daniel Webster Highway to the White Mountain region of New Hampshire. In the old days it was sometimes confused by visitors from the West with that other Plymouth in Massachusetts, which has the imprint of 1620 upon its historical rock. There used to be an old stage coach driver who, when visitors in Plymouth, N. H., asked to see the rock, would make up a party, drive around the town, and then stop before a well-known ledge in the village, saying—"This is our Plymouth rock." After the ohs and ahs had subsided, somebody would ask for the water, or perhaps where the ocean might be, and then the joke was out.

Plymouth is still a summer resort of importance but is a manufacturing center of equal importance. The visitor may be shown the original Court House in which Daniel Webster won his first law case, the State Normal School, the Holderness School for Boys, or the Mad River, which lives up to its name, and the Bakers River, famous for Indian fights, but they are also shown a modern sporting goods factory of substantial proportions. The "Lucky Dog" brand of sporting goods. Baseballs, footballs, baseball bats, and a great variety of sporting goods used by most of the professionals, as well as thousands of amateurs, have been made here in Plymouth for years, sold all over the United States for years, sold all over the United States and exported to many countries.

Plymouth is also a glove manufacturing center, an old line concern covering a wide field with its sales.

Pemigewasset Valley

Familiarly known as the "P. V.," either by rail or highway, one scarcely expects to find industry in a section known from the earliest times as a summer and fall resort with a charm of its own, yet there has been a large amount of lumbering in this vicinity, and we must needs take a side trip through its beautiful ascending valleys between the hills.

All along the line are lumber and wood-working plants of various kinds. At Blair Station and Beebe River in the town of Campton, at West Thornton, Woodstock and Lincoln, the end of the railroad, are large lumber mills, at Lincoln and just outside Plymouth are paper mills, originally the Henry Paper Company, a sugsidiary of J. E. Henry & Sons, who for many years controlled thousands of acres at the head of this valley, but paper manufacturing and lumbering are now in other hands.

At Campton is a factory making Campton pants and woolen hose for lumbermen, sales being through the New England States. Beyond Campton lies Waterville, the end of the road, for here the mountains are an impassable barrier. Lincoln lumbers much and at Woodstock, a summer resort, one mile this side of Lincoln, one can continue five miles to the Flume, and another five miles to the Profile, the "Old Man of the Mountain." Later, therefore, let us return to Plymouth, on the Pemigewasset.

Rumney, Wentworth, Warren

By the highway, north from Plymouth, on the road to Rumney, we pass the Polar Caves. Rumney makes crutches, together with wood novelties and turnings, and is also the head office of a large mica and feldspar mining concern.

In Wentworth, dairy products and lumbering predominate, while Warren also does a large amount of lumbering and has a chicken grit factory. Five miles north of Warren, within the limits of that town, is Glencliff, where there is a bobbin factory, and where also is the State Sanitarium for the cure of tuberculosis, under the shadow of Mount Moosilauke, which has an elevation of 4,811 feet above sea level. This is the summit of the road, and passing by Benton Rock, a splendid view is also obtained from the train of the Oliverian Plain.

Haverhill, Pike, Woodsville

Many New Hampshire towns have several postoffices. Haverhill has five, exclusive of the Lake Tarleton Club district, a summer camping center of large proportions. The little village of Pike, in this town, is deserving of special mention since here are the headquarters of an internationally-known concern manufacturing abrasives and sharpening stones for every conceivable use. This concern has sharpening stone quarries at various places in New Hampshire and at many points throughout the United States. It draws supplies from many countries and in turn sends the finished product to numerous foreign countries.

A former mayor of Manchester tells of meeting a business man abroad who was visiting India and who inquired of the supply house there for a certain high grade India oil stone, thinking it was made in that country. Imagine his surprise when he said—"Yes, we have it and can supply your needs, but you can also get it in your own country, for it is manufactured in Pike, N. H."

Woodsville, opposite Wells River, Vt., is a railroad center of unusual importance, and has two large mills, one making box and dimension lumber, the other devoted exclusively to high grade hardwood flooring and allied products.

The Valley of the Ammonoosuc

Bath, five miles above Lisbon, has long been famous for Lady Poor's Ointment and other proprietary medicines, fiber leatherboard, and other novelties. In the small towns of the Ammonoosuc

Valley there is much of lumbering, both in soft and hardwoods.

Lisbon has a substantial plant manufacturing piano backs and sounding boards and general house finish for sale at wholesale, together with various kinds of lumber. The timberland reserves of this concern have for many years covered many thousands of acres.

There is an electrical insulated wire establishment making a quality product in this and allied lines, their product having a very wide distribution throughout the country, and has been well and favorably known for many years.

Lisbon also makes canvas gloves which are well-known throughout the territory served by this factory, and a plant formerly making wooden shoe pegs now makes wood heels for women's shoes.

Littleton

Was at one time known the world over as the home of stereoscopic views, the concern making them having an exclusive franchise for views of the World's Fair at Chicago. These views went all over the civilized world, but now we have the movies! Saranac gloves and mittens, a product of high quality made by a concern many years in the business, people who know their business well, are still going strong, being sold from coast to coast. The concern at Pike also has a branch here. There is a silverware factory, lumber and house finish mills, a concern making children's shoes, and a large building of heavy mill construction which has been occupied by several concerns and gives further opportunity for Littleton's industrial development.

Whitefield, Lancaster, Groveton

Twelve miles north of Littleton is Whitefield, a live industrial community having factories which have been devoted to leather tanning and shoe making, dairy products, lumbering, pulpwood, bobbins, and overalls, the latter a well-known Whitefield product throughout the East.

It is ten miles to Lancaster, passing by symmetrical Mount Prospect, where lived and died John Wingate Weeks of the President's Cabinet and during his life holder of many important public offices.

Lancaster is a lumbering and pulpwood center, and has a modern, well-equipped plant making paper mill machinery, in addition to doing other kinds of special machine work for factories throughout New England.

Whitefield, at the Mountainview House, two and a half miles out, believes it has the best single view of the White Mountains. The bankers of the state agree, for each October the New Hampshire Bankers Association gathers here for its fall convention.

Groveton has a very large paper manufacturing plant with salesoffices in New York. This organization is specially well equipped for large production and has a substantial acreage of timberland reserves so necessary for a business of this kind.

Here is the northern end of the Boston & Maine railroad in New Hampshire, but Groveton can ship anywhere because the Grand Trunk, going east and west, crosses the terminal of the B. & M. R. R. here very much like the top of a letter "T."

Yet if we wish, we can go still further north in New Hampshire, either by rail or highway. The roads, both kinds, are fine, and the fishing excellent. Let's see what we can find in industry.

The Stratfords and Colebrook

The Stewartstowns and Pittsburg

A short fifteen miles northerly from Groveton is North Stratford, famous for its large woodworking establishments capable of immense production, together with many smaller manufacturing units.

The town of Stratford is the birthplace of Harry S. Baldwin, founder of the Baldwin chain of restaurants, later merged with the Waldorf System.

Here we are at the Vermont state border, but the Maine Central R. R. comes along and takes us another fifteen miles or so to Colebrook at the junction of the Mohawk and Connecticut rivers.

Colebrook has a state fish hatchery, many large dairies and factories producing quite a variety of dairy products, bobbins, pulpwood and lumbering generally. It is also a potato-growing center.

West Stewartstown manufactures lumber in substantial quantity and in considerable variety. Above here is a place where all within a few feet, one may pass from New Hampshire into Vermont, then into Canada, and back into New Hampshire. Then we are immediately on our way to Pittsburg.

This is the most northerly and most mysterious town in New Hampshire. For industry there is always lumbering and pulpwood, hunting, fishing, camping, both winter and summer, and exploring always, because in Pittsburg one hunts for the sources of the mighty Connecticut, the "Long Tidal River" in the Indian tongue.

Pittsburg pushes head and shoulders away up into Canada, if the boundary of the latter had actually gone due east from the Vermont line, so that from the primeval forest locks of the Pittsburg headlands, the river sources might ever receive New Hampshire protection, for from north to south, New Hampshire owns the river, the dividing line between the two states being the west bank at the average high water mark.

The Connecticut rises in the three Connecticut Lakes in Pittsburg. The first two lakes are easily available by automobile, but the third remains securely hidden from the average traveler since only the rugged make the trail. The river rises at an elevation of 2,038 feet, flowing 348 miles into Long Island Sound.

Dixville, Errol, Umbagog

That which goes up must come down. If we travel to the end of the road and keep on traveling we must retrace a bit, and we are glad we do have to return to Colebrook for the valleys are more beautiful than ever and new scenic and industrial interest is ahead of us.

Colebrook is the nearest railroad point for the famous Dixville Notch, twelve miles distant. Here has been spent, first and last by various owners, in buildings and landscape, in roads and waterways, over $2,000,000. The only industry in Dixville, therefore, consists in taking care of the guests at "The Balsams," a Riverside Drive, New York, apartment house transplanted in the northern New Hampshire wilds.

Ten miles further on is Errol, the outpost town for this section of New Hampshire, devoted to lumbering, farming, fishing and hunting, or furnishing the guides for all of these.

Two and a half miles above Errol village is the dam which impounds the waters of Umbagog Lake, mostly in Maine, but the outlet end is in New Hampshire. Errol guards the overflow which makes the start of the Androscoggin River, and makes good use of the

river before trusting the waters again to the tender mercies of Maine.

Southerly from Errol, one plunges into the thirteen-mile woods, and follows the river for over thirty miles. At certain seasons of the year every inch of it is crowded with pulpwood logs headed for Berlin.

There are great sights in the North Country for those who appreciate it. Nothing like it anywhere, they say, and these thirty miles and more of solidly massed yet steadily moving logs in the river never fail to win admiration for the industry behind the immense and silent cavalcade.

Berlin

Berlin reminds the visitor from afar of a hustling, bustling Western mining town now on a stable, prosperous basis. The rocks and ledges are here aplenty, so are the hills and the mighty torrent of the river, solidly harnessed and highly trained to most faithfully serve the very large and important industries which in turn serve the city so well.

The gold mine of Berlin, however, is not within the city hills, and those of adjacent mountains, but atop the bold and jagged rocks, and along the banks of mighty rivers and lesser streams which give inexhaustible timberland reserves to the thousands of forest acreage hereabouts.

A nationally known paper manufacturing concern with financial headquarters in New York City, has a large and well equipped plant here. There is a concern making furniture, another builders' finish, and still another manufacturing ferrules. Iron foundaries and machine shops find plenty to do and there are several smaller manufacturing units.

A remarkable industry, centered in Berlin but necessarily having ramifications in the shape of subsidiaries and direct branch operations, deserves more than passing notice as it is indicative of what New Hampshire environment plus New Hampshire management can do.

Itself a consolidation of allied interests, now a single unit with subsidiaries and sub-divisions in both Canada and Maine this concern, founded in 1852, is now the largest manufacturer in this country of bleached sulphite pulp and high grade kraft wrapping paper.

The installed horse power in the hydro-electric development of this corporation here is 38,000 to 40,000 horse power, and steam plants with an installed capacity of 25,000 horse power. An extent of the ramifications of this splendidly equipped industrial unit may be gained from figures given to the public quoting estimates and appraisals made by independent engineers showing total values in fixed properties alone for the main corporation and its subsidiaries of an amount approaching $80,000,000.

This total is of course scattered over many townships, and in two countries, but as one can easily see, Berlin does business and does a lot of it! The community spirit is strong and progression steady, the vigorous giant of the north, industrially.

Gorham

The view of Mt. Madison (5,380 feet) from Gorham is the most symmetrical of any mountain we know. Gorham hums with summer visitors in season, snowshoe parties in winter, and lumbermen all the time.

The Mount Washington carriage road, now largely devoted to automobile travel of course, is owned by a well-known family of Gorham lumber manufacturers. It is best reached from Gorham via the notch road to Glen, from whence

the ascent can be made, low gear being the recommendation for safety and comfort of passengers and engine.

The large Berlin pulp concern has a substantial property in Gorham. Mountain souvenirs are made in considerable variety and there are substantial plants for the manufacture of lumber, both hard and soft, straight lengths and special turnings.

Mt. Washington (6,293 ft.)

We may inquire the way to Mt. Washington and take our choice of rail and highway routes, each with a charm all its own. Since Berlin and Gorham are beyond the White Mountains, let us approach them from the north, say at Twin Mountain, then on to Fabyans, the mountain rendezvous of the old-time mountain visitors, from whence it is only a mile or two to Bretton Woods.

Here in a hotel bearing its name, the widest expanse of Mt. Washington can be seen, and from the nearest civilization point as well. The largest hotel in the mountains fulfills all expectations in summer, and Bretton Arms does the trick in winter for numerous snowshoe parties.

From the base station with connecting trains from Bretton Woods, the cog railway, three and a quarter miles long, incorporated June 25, 1858, has made journeys with safety to all the passengers for many years. Through storm and sunshine, sleet, hail and wind, and many a calm, cool, cloudless day as well as those higher contrasts in light and shade, these ruggedly built cars on a specially built track have carried their thousands to the summit and back, of the top of New England and the highest mountain, save one, east of the Mississippi River.

Mount Washington, and all that goes with it, may justly be considered one of New Hampshire's vigorous industries.

From Coos to the Sea

When a real New Hampshireite wishes to make a complete mental sweep of the state he uses the time-honored phrase, "from Coos to the sea," meaning from the northernmost county adjacent to Canada, to the most southeasterly section bordering on the ocean between Maine and Massachusetts.

From the summit of Mt. Washington to Portsmouth harbor in an air line is about ninety miles, but the motorist or steam road traveler will make it about twice that distance, depending upon what part of the great Coos county he uses as a starting point and how much he circumnavigates in his route.

Just here let us learn to pronounce it correctly, or the natives will stare at us. Down state and out of state they can be pardoned for calling it "koose," but we who are here know it should be pronounced as spelled "ko-awss." In fact, the early whites spelled it "Cowauss." In the Indian tongue it meant "crooked," referring to the rivers in their windings through the hills.

An interesting anomaly in town and county nomenclature is right about us now, for Twin Mountain, Bretton Woods and the Crawford Notch are in the town of Carroll, which is not in Carroll County at all but in Coos. Likewise, in the south central section of the state, the town of Merrimack is not in Merrimack County but in Hillsboro. The early New Hampshire fathers evidently believed in variety.

The descent to the sea really begins in earnest a few rods beyond the Crawford House at the head of Crawford Notch. The direction is down, there is

no doubt about that, but the roads are well graded and are well cared for. We are now on the East Side State Boulevard, not always smooth as a city boulevard for New Hampshire frosts and freshets are more powerful than man, but there is no danger of getting lost. There is but one road aside from the numerous wood roads of the lumbermen which are to be seen everywhere, for lumbering has been the chief industry of this valley for many years and will be for many generations to come for the timber supply is enormous.

Down past the Willey Slide, where a whole family perished and about which many poems have been written because of the fact that when a portion of the mountain slipped the family rushed out only to meet death, when the slide parted at the house and left it unharmed, after a few miles we come to a small sign pointing to the right of the state road. It indicates "Livermore, two and a half miles."

If we wish, in this short distance we can leave a beautiful summer resort road and find ourselves at the end of the road, in the heart of the high mountains, where a single lumbering concern has operated many years, having its own railways and runways from the forests higher up in the eternal hills. We return to the state road as we came, plunging directly into the forest, hardly seeing the sunlight until we emerge suddenly on the East Side Boulevard again

Down the valley we go—scenery, hunting, fishing, camping, lumbering everywhere, with summer hotels galore. At Bartlett there is a peg mill of importance, and at North Conway a plant distributing builders' finish, but other villages in the township of Conway do most of the manufacturing. These include quarrying and granite manufacturing in Redstone, woodworking at Center Conway, and at Conway there have at times been extensive operations in boxes and box shooks. Bobbins, spools, wood heels, and other wood products are made in substantial quantities. In accordance with whatever the demands of the times, Conway is equipped to do it.

Silver Lake

Now our general direction is and will be for some time to come, southward until we reach the sea. The main highway is far from Silver Lake, center of a large camping industry, with one manufacturing plant making builders' finish and supplies. Chocorua, name of the famous Indian chief, is not hard to pronounce if you know how, but we bear around the lake, one of the most beautiful in New Hampshire, and gaze with awe to the rugged pinnacle bulwarks of Chocorua the mountain, 3,508 feet in height.

At West Ossipee we see a factory in a field. This is very appropriate because it is the home of the Snowmobile and the Sandmobile. One does excellent work in safe and rapid traction through fields of snow, and the other makes the builders equally proud of its work on the sand fields of the Sahara Desert. Whether in New England, Canada or the great Northwest in far below zero temperature, or the sizzling heat of desert wastes, the Snowmobile of Ossipee town can be depended upon to "carry the message to Garcia."

A short side trip westerly from the state road at this point brings us to the South Tamworth Industries, a name given to a group of woodworking developments by which the business life of the townfolk is greatly enhanced. Still further along this road are the Sandwich villages, selected by the Cleveland

and Roosevelt families, members of which still come here in the summer. There are a number of small industries scattered through this section.

We now return to the state road and to Center Ossipee. Here we find lumber manufacturing, wood turning and the manufacture of an excellent type of excelsior. A family which has made its mark in an adjoining state has done much for this, their home town, and these efforts are continued with unabated interest.

Ossipee village is next, the industry here being all that pertains to a county seat. Since it is only ten miles away and a pleasant journey, let us again leave the state road for a time because we must not miss the incomparable—

Wolfeboro and Wakefield

Named after General James Wolfe, who fell victorious on the Plains of Abraham, Sept. 13, 1759, Wolfeboro in New Hampshire has a charm and prestige all its own. Situated at the northeastern corner of Lake Winnipesaukee, it is a port of call for both business and pleasure craft in all the various grades. Large quantities of campers' supplies are sold here and Wolfeboro seems to be equally at home with logs or lollypops because the woodworking industry is prominent here.

Wolfeboro Falls is but a mile away and the two villages will be taken as one industrially. The Falls have been for many years known as an excelsior manufacturing center making a high grade product. At this village also is a concern manufacturing pads, a woodworking plant and a machine shop for general repair work and the manufacture of patented specialties.

There are at Wolfeboro shoe manufacturing plants capable of substantial production, a lumber and house finish mill, together with some smaller manufacturing units. At South Wolfeboro for many years there was a woolen mill. Wolfeboro folks think that here are manufactured the finest sunsets on the lake, and it is quite the thing in summer and autumn for manufacturers and merchants, men and maidens, all, to view them from the Wolfeboro hills.

Now we may return from whence we came to follow the East Side Trunk Line Road southward through the Wakefield villages, or go direct from Wolfeboro through Cotton Valley. The two routes meet at Sanbornville, the railroad junction point going northward for Wolfeboro. Shoes were made here for many years. There is considerable lumbering in this and adjoining villages, and here also is a manufacturer of extracts.

Union has a wood-turning plant, making toys and novelties, and had a brass factory many years until its removal to Rochester. It has a very efficient excelsior-making plant turning out a quality product, and considerable lumbering is done from here.

We have found Carroll County interesting in many ways and ere we leave it we should have in mind that in the main it runs to townships having a number of postoffices or villages. Ossipee, for instance, is composed of eleven villages while Wakefield has to get along with nine, including the last two mentioned—Sanbornville and Union.

The Miltons and North Rochester

Milton Mills is most easily reached from Union, a distance from the railroad and trunk line highway at Union, of only four miles, while it is seven miles from Milton. At the Mills, which is on the Maine state border, as are also Milton and North Rochester, is a blanket factory in operation many years.

Again we return to Milton and now we are in the leatherboard and fibreboard district. Milton makes "board" in great variety and this in turn permits of the adaptability of the product to an almost unlimited number of uses. Milton has three factory units, one making leatherboard, another fibreboard as a branch of its North Rochester plant, and the other an infinite variety of fibreboard specialties, such as boxes, cases, kits and megaphones. It is good to know that through the latter the voice of New Hampshire is heard throughout the nation and wherever the product goes.

It is worth while to take a glance at what has been accomplished in a development of something over thirty years.

Here are made fibreboards for the trunk trade, which are exported to London. At this plant is manufactured both the board and the counters, innersole and board for the shoe trade generally. These specialties are used all over the country and exported to Canada, Mexico, England, Germany and the Philippines.

This concern produces board for the electrical trade, cars, boxes and roving cans for the textile industry, seamless waste cans, chair seats, trays, guards for athletic clothing, and many other specialties which are shipped to every corner of the globe.

They have a direct branch at Tonawanda, N. Y., making vulcanized fibre and Bakelite, have substantial interests in factories in London and Paris, and are without question the largest manufacturers and distributors in the realm of fibre shoe counters and soft fibre specialties in the entire world.

New Hampshire has drawn upon this concern's family of owners for two of its Governors, two brothers in two terms, ten years apart, including the present Chief Executive of the State, having by their outstanding integrity and ability been seated in the Governor's chair by the citizens of a grateful commonwealth.

Rochester, East and Gonic

Rochester and its two suburban villages is an unusually busy city. New Hampshire has ten counties and ten cities. Some counties are composed wholly of towns while other counties, including Strafford, where we are now in our journey, have more than one city, and Rochester holds its own well as such. Each autumn it holds many more than its own, for the city entertains in a few days many times its credited population, at the celebrated Rochester Fair, now recognized as one of its leading industries.

Rochester is the center of the box and box shook manufacturing industry, in northern New England, with three large plants, each of which during the World War had a number of subsidiaries and did well their part in safely packing large quantities of materials which were so essential in winning the great conflict. Rochester-made shook and special boxes are well-known throughout the East.

The city has long been a shoe manufacturing center of importance both in the central business section and in the outside villages. By the same token each of the three has its textile mill, each making a different line of cloths.

Paper boxes are made in substantial amounts for local and nearby shoe factories, there are mills for general house finish, a plant making churns, another confectionery, a brass foundry, and several smaller manufacturing units in varied lines. Rochester and adjacent towns furnish large amounts of cordwood to the brick industry here which makes large quantities of its product.

The Lake Shore

At Rochester let us allow the East Side line to wait for another side excursion before our journey to the southeast corner of the state. The Lake Shore line on the timetable runs from Dover through Rochester to Alton Bay and connects with the White Mountain Division of the railroad, or in the case of the auto road, with the Daniel Webster Highway, at Lakeport. The highway parallels the railroad.

Our first stop is at Farmington, eight miles from Rochester. Here is a very vigorous shoe manufacturing center with several factories. Wire brushes are also made at this point, and there is a finely equipped plant for the manufacture of wood turnings, which are sold throughout the country. Farmington has excellent possibilities for growth.

At New Durham, there is a steadily growing wire brush factory which is constantly adding to its list of customers and increasing the breadth of its distribution, some of its products going for export to a number of foreign countries.

There are a number of wood turning units of modest size, but one substantial one has shown a remarkable development, being now quoted the leading concern in the country in its specialized field. High grade enameled handles, both baked and in the pyroxalin line, are shipped all over the country, to Canada, England and New England.

New Durham has two other distinctions. It is the birthplace of one of the well-known religious denominations now merged with a larger body, and it is also the scene, at Merrymeeting Pond, of a large water power development controlling one of the streams contributing to the Merrimack.

Four miles further on is Alton, with a shoe factory, a wood turning plant, and a concern with automatic machines turning out corkscrews of every conceivable size, shape and strength. A number of smaller units complete the list.

It is two miles to Alton Bay. Here we meet the tip end of the long arm of Lake Winnipesaukee, which reaches inland at this point several miles from the open sea of the lake surrounding its 408 islands, as if to say to the visitor—"Come with me, here is a helping hand with a long and strong arm." This is the southeastern terminal of the steamer *Mt. Washington,* making regular connections with the train schedule.

The industry of Alton Bay consists in the time-honored Advent Camp Meeting plant in successful operation many years, and the boat industry, together with other lines connected with a vigorous lake and mountain resort.

It is now nineteen miles to Lakeport, the end of the Lake Shore line. There is no manufacturing save the necessary lumbering on the shore and on the larger islands, some of which are heavily timbered. From the train or from the highway the ride along the highway is long to be remembered. The moods and colors of the lake, the fine views of the Sandwich and Ossipee ranges, with an occasional far distant view of Mt. Washington itself, constitute a picture far too sacred and inspiring to be marred by industry.

Dover

Dover was originally Cocheco in the Indian tongue. Just sneeze and you have pronounced it! It is perfectly natural, therefore, to have Cocheco cloths made by the Dover branch of one of the largest textile corporations in America, and Cocheco Belting, which is on sale all over America. Both the cloths and the belting have a good sale abroad as well as at home.

Dover has several shoe factory organizations of substantial proportions and the number is increasing. Co-ordinating with these are heel factories, a large organization making box toes and another the boxes. Lumber, brick, builders' finish, house specialties, and quite a number of smaller units are in active operation, the latest being a factory for making moth expellents.

This city is also a center for the manufacture of printing presses and printing machinery. One concern manufactures a large line of printing presses from those costing a few hundred dollars each to large high powered presses capable of immense production. They also do a general machine and foundry business.

Another concern makes a special line of printing machinery. In fact it is stated that a large percentage of special bronzing on packages and wherever this type of bronzing is used on paper, is done on Dover-made machines.

At Sawyer's Mills, on the way to the rapidly-growing State College at Durham, but still within the limits of Dover, is a woolen mill, formerly operated by a governor of New Hampshire, but now as a branch of a nationally-known woolen organization.

Historically, Dover is rich in Indian and Colonial history. Originally settled in May, 1623, its first industry was ship-building. At the Woodman Institute, right in the heart of the city, is a house built in 1675 and a log garrison, hand-hewed, built in the same year. Both are replete with relics and much of scientific and historical interest. The log house still shows bullet holes and arrow heads received during Indian raids. To learn of early Indian and Colonial industry, visit Woodman Institute.

Somersworth-Salmon Falls

These two, the first a city, the second a village in a town of another name, are located on an industrious river, that has done a lot of manufacturing since the early days. Somersworth was originally "Great Falls," and the early textile mills grew to substantial proportions. Here, also, is a bleachery, a woolen mill, a shoe factory, and several smaller manufacturing units.

Salmon Falls has some "great falls" all its own, furnishing excellent power for the textile mills at that point. There is also an important stove foundry concern here which makes an excellent product having a wide distribution. These two communities make a brief side trip, a very little journey from Dover since one is only six and the other three miles away.

Portsmouth

The eleven-mile journey to Portsmouth is along a picturesque ridge, with beautiful water scenes on both sides, to Dover Point, where the first permanent settlement in New Hampshire was made. Now we cross a toll bridge over rushing salt tides and the other side is Newington, then Portsmouth, with more history to the square inch than any town in New Hampshire, and that is saying a whole lot. Portsmouth has so many first things that we must mention only two here.

First, manufacturing began in New Hampshire right here with the making of clapboards and salt pans in 1631. Then came ship-building, and there has been increasing activity ever since, fishing, ship-building, summer business, history business, all running along together harmoniously and well.

Secondly, it cannot be denied that the folks who made the first permanent set-

tlement at Dover Point landed first at Odiorne's Point in Portsmouth. According to Dover, they didn't stay put long enough to be called a permanent settlement, and Portsmouth replies that what constitutes a permanent settlement is a matter of opinion and really ought not to be figured on length of stay, anyway. Here again we have the "friendly rivals" in two nearby cities, on whose clearly recognized claims to first things the whole country, historically speaking, has taken sides.

Was it Admiral Sampson or Admiral Schley, heroes of the naval victory at San Diego, who, when their friends argued and quarreled as to whose was the greater credit, said, "There is glory enough for all?" This leads us to remark that the Spanish sailors captured in this very fight were brought to Portsmouth and remained incarcerated in the Naval Prison off Portsmouth.

Did you notice that we did not say "in Portsmouth?" There's a reason, and it is this. The Portsmouth Navy Yard isn't in Portsmouth. Our good friend and neighbor, Maine, is on the other side of the Piscataqua River, which is the beginning of Portsmouth Harbor, and it just so happens that the Navy Yard and the building in which the Russian-Japanese Peace Treaty was signed is over the line in the Pine Tree State.

Most of the generals, admirals, diplomats and whatnots were housed at the Hotel Rockingham in Portsmouth, or the Wentworth in Newcastle, so that in speaking of Portsmouth, industrially, historically, or scenically, Newington, Greenland, Rye, Badger's Island, and the Navy Yard are usually included. Portsmouth has them all as her own in industry.

Here at Portsmouth is a button manufacturing concern, the largest of its kind in the world, making buttons of almost every kind and description, exporting to England, Australia, South America and China. Also golf tees to England. At Portsmouth is a concern making a line of reamers and special tools which are sold from coast to coast, in America and also in many foreign climes. There are several important shoe factory units, a number of small specialty factories, wholesale lobster and fishing plants, and a large wholesale coal concern serving the industries of New Hampshire.

During the World War Portsmouth was busily engaged in building the bridge of ships which was to win the war. Two plants, one in steel and the other in wooden vessels, did their full duty. Now one is used for a dye and chemical plant of substantial proportions, making a high grade product in great variety, and the other is operated very extensively by a gypsum products concern, making "Rockwall" wallboard from its own gypsum mines in Nova Scotia.

In the same general vicinity is the plant of an agricultural chemical concern which serves a utilitarian purpose both locally and throughout the country. Portsmouth is an insurance center and is rich in colonial architecture. It is the nearest land port to the Isles of Shoals.

Hampton—Beaches—Seabrook

From the Canadian line we started on the journey "From Coos to the Sea," a frequent phrase in New Hampshire. At Portsmouth we are at an ocean harbor, but not the open sea, so let us continue by the Lafayette Road to Hampton. Here we find a lively commercial center, divided in its interest between looking after the beach trade and general manufacturing.

There is a lumber and house finish

mill, a shoe factory, and another making counters and innersoles. For many years Hampton boasted a piano action factory. Hampton Beach is a real asset to New Hampshire as is attested by the immense crowds that throng there in the season to enjoy one of the finest beaches on the Atlantic coast.

Hampton Falls has another lumber and house finish establishment, and Seabrook has long been a shoe manufacturing center, also making wood heels. We have now accomplished the full study of the territory from Coos to the sea, for here the ocean, New Hampshire and Massachusetts meet.

New Hampshire has eighteen miles of lineal coast line from Portsmouth, through the beautiful Rye beaches, continuing to the Hampton beaches. Except at strictly beach points, the indentations are so frequent and irregular that the tidal coast line has been figured at 136 miles, which adds to the availability of the region for summer purposes both for New Hampshire people and the many colonies from numerous sections of the United States and Canada.

Exeter

Exeter is one of the first four towns settled in New Hampshire, and has always been a lively manufacturing community. Passing through the town by automobile, one would not think of Exeter as a seaport, but at high tide it is, since for years lumber, brick and coal have been shipped to and from the town in ocean-going vessels via Portsmouth Harbor, Piscataqua River, Great Bay, Squamscott River, which meets fresh water in the Falls of Exeter.

Exeter has a first class textile mill which has been in operation many years. It also has an establishment manufacturing a wide variety of brass fittings which are sold throughout the country, there is a machine shop, an asbestos specialty factory, and concern making dresses and aprons. There is a wholesale establishment here distributing handkerchiefs and other specialties, which are sold in dry goods stores of New England.

This town has long been the home of a concern making grain elevators, the manufacture of brick has been carried on since the early days, and Exeter is also a shoe manufacturing center of importance.

Exeter has produced many notables. Every one coming to Exeter sees the attractive bandstand in the business center of the town, as finely fitted in beautiful mosaic as any of which we know, and admirably suited to its purpose. This bandstand is the gift of Ambrose Swasey, the famous telescope manufacturer, whose product is familiar in a number of important observatories throughout the world.

Everybody knows of Judge Henry A. Shute, author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," who at this writing is still manufacturing mirth for the English-speaking people all over the land out of his actual experiences as a boy in Exeter. As everyone knows, this town is the home of the Robinson Female Seminary and of the Phillips-Exeter Academy, which has graduated many notables, including the son of President Lincoln.

Rockingham County Villages

Having completed the East Side trunk journey from the extreme north end of the state to its southern boundary, we must needs cruise about a bit by automobile or train, as we prefer, weaving in and out of the Rockingham villages, each with one or more separate industries. Exeter, the shire town, has given us a good start. Danville and South Dan-

ville are both shoe factory centers, and there are also shoe shops at West Hampstead, Newton, Plaistow and Kingston. There is a wooden box-making plant at Newton Junction. Formerly there were many carriage factories in this section, but the coming of the automobile changed all this.

Fremont has an important pickle, fish and meat tub factory, which has supplied many important packing houses throughout the country. Northwood has a shoe factory. Epping has long been a shoe-making center, has some large brick yards, and a box manufacturing plant. At North Epping are substantial nurseries. Raymond makes both shoes and toys, and the town of Candia, which produced Samuel Walter Foss, author of "The House By the Side of the Road," has also done more or less in the shoe manufacturing line in a small way.

All unconsciously we have been traveling quietly and pleasantly along toward Manchester, the industrial center of the state. Candia is only ten miles distant from that city, and on the way to it we pass beautiful Lake Massabesic, from which Manchester draws its supply of pure drinking water. Lumbering and ice constitute the industries along the way, and presently we are again in Manchester.

Derry, Chester and Salem

Before we leave this section of the state, we must visit a very industrious community in the shoe manufacturing center of Derry, with several large factories in this line. Since the making of shoes is so important here, it is entirely natural to find wood heels and other shoe accessories, such as wood and paper boxes, made in substantial quantities. There is also a factory making wooden labels, tags and flower supports, whose product has a country-wide distribution.

At Chester is a factory making wooden tags and wooden spoons for the use of physicians in making a throat examination. Chester was for two or three years the home of the famous eccentric "Lord Timothy Dexter," who managed in Chester to acquire his longed-for artificial title. The house he occupied in 1796 and 1797 is still well kept under the ownership of a well-known philanthropist.

Salem, which is not the witch city of an adjoining state but our own border line town of that name, has long been a shoe manufacturing center, also making leather heels. Salem Depot has an excellent house finish mill, a potato chip factory, and here is located the famous "Rockingham Speedway," a splendidly built, scientifically arranged track for motor racing. North Salem for many years had a textile mill.

Milford, Wilton, Peterboro, Jaffrey

We have examined thoroughly and well two out of the three of the north and south trunk lines, and in order to ascend the other we must cross the southern portion of the state by the way of Milford.

On the way from Manchester to Milford we pass through the town of Bedford, where was built the first boat which was put into the Concord to Boston canal route, a commerce which was carried on in the fifty-year period from 1800 to 1850. The next town is Amherst, where the great American statesman and journalist, Horace Greeley, first saw the light of day, Feb. 3, 1811.

Milford, by the highway, is only sixteen miles from Manchester. Here is an aggressive industrial community with a variety of lines. Milford-made post-office boxes and equipments are likely to be seen wherever there are United States

postoffices, for the concern has been in operation a long time and has done an extensive business. They also make plumbers' woodwork, radio tables and bath room furniture.

Milford has two textile mills, one making worsted yarns and the other jute and linen canvas. An old line concern makes a large amount of bed room furniture, sold all over the country and in South America, while a factory producing women's and children's garments has a country-wide distribution.

Milford and the nearby town of Brookline, the latter also having a lumber mill, has long been known as a granite center. There are all told in the district about thirty concerns in quarrying, cutting and shipping both monumental and building granite, together with a large amount of paving blocks, wherever the need for such products exists.

Wilton has long been a milk and milk products center, but also does a considerable amount of lumbering, and has a mill making dry measures, which are sold everywhere. Medicinal ointments known to the trade many years are made here, and there is also a well-known woolen mill at this point.

By train from Wilton to Keene, we would go through Greenfield, where there is a wholesale grain and feed manufacturing establishment, and Elmwood, where there are lumber and wood turning mills.

Then we would find Harrisville, manufacturing chairs in one factory and flannels in another, and box-making at Chesham.

Or, from Wilton we might like to take a run over to New Ipswich, where cotton manufacturing first began in New Hampshire in 1798. There is still a textile unit within the limits of this town, branch of a larger one in the adjoining town of Greenville. New Ipswich does quite a business in manufacturing a variety of wood turnings, and Greenville, in addition to its cotton factory, makes chairs and tables, and has a lace curtain factory, selling from coast to coast.

But we must return to Wilton, and from thence start westward as did a great religious leader on a similar occasion years ago. The trip over Temple Mountain Pass is well worth the try, on high if you are a good driver and have the right kind of a car. You will need your brakes and lots of them in the descent to Peterboro.

Here industry and art, history and music, summer rest and winter pleasures meet and mingle or follow each other in rapid rhythmic succession. This town boasts the first free public library in America supported wholly from the public funds. Here is the home of the MacDowell musical interests, hallowed by the personal touch of the master and his good wife, perpetuated by the association bearing his name. Nearby is the Sargent Camp for girls, and many other camps and summer residences of notables. In the village is the home of the American Guernsey Cattle Club. The registry office constitutes a considerable industry for Peterboro.

There are two textile mills, one specializing on felts and factory cloths, the other making denims and kindred lines. The first named, in addition to the many places in this country where the product is used, have customers in China, Italy, England and France. The last named concern also makes goods which are shipped abroad to some extent.

Splint wood baskets in small, medium and large sizes are made for many uses in postoffices, factories and for other purposes. There is also a toy factory, a

necktie manufacturing establishment, and thermometer works. All around are establishments for the sale of antiques, a number of them being quite pretentious, Peterboro having for years been known the country over as a reliable antique center.

A short eight miles below Peterboro is East Jaffrey. Here let us first visit a basket factory perhaps two and a half miles out of the village. The trip is worth while because it takes us by beautiful Contoocook Lake, source of the river of same name. Back again to East Jaffrey we find a hustling industrial community, making berry crates, boxes, lumber, match blocks, matches, tacks and taxidermy! The textile mill here makes denims, and there are several smaller units in different lines.

The nearby village of Rindge makes brooms, the industry of East Rindge is "saw mill and lumber," while West Rindge has a wood turning plant, and there is lumbering everywhere. If we were studying the summer resorts of New Hampshire only, we would return to the Peterboro-Keene road, the two being twenty miles apart, and skirting the foothills of Mt. Monadnock, a majestic isolated mountain, 3,166 feet high, arriving at beautiful Dublin town and Monadnock or Dublin Lake, the latter being 1,456 feet above sea level, and the highest large lake in New Hampshire in elevation.

We are, however, following the lines of industrial towns and villages, so let us go from East Jaffrey over a pretty hill and valley road to another line of towns on the main line of railroad from Boston to Keene, Bellows Falls and the great Northwest. New Hampshire is right on the line and we can ship anywhere!

(*To be continued*)

The Black Cat That Rides on the Witch's Broom

FLORA B. BURLINGAME

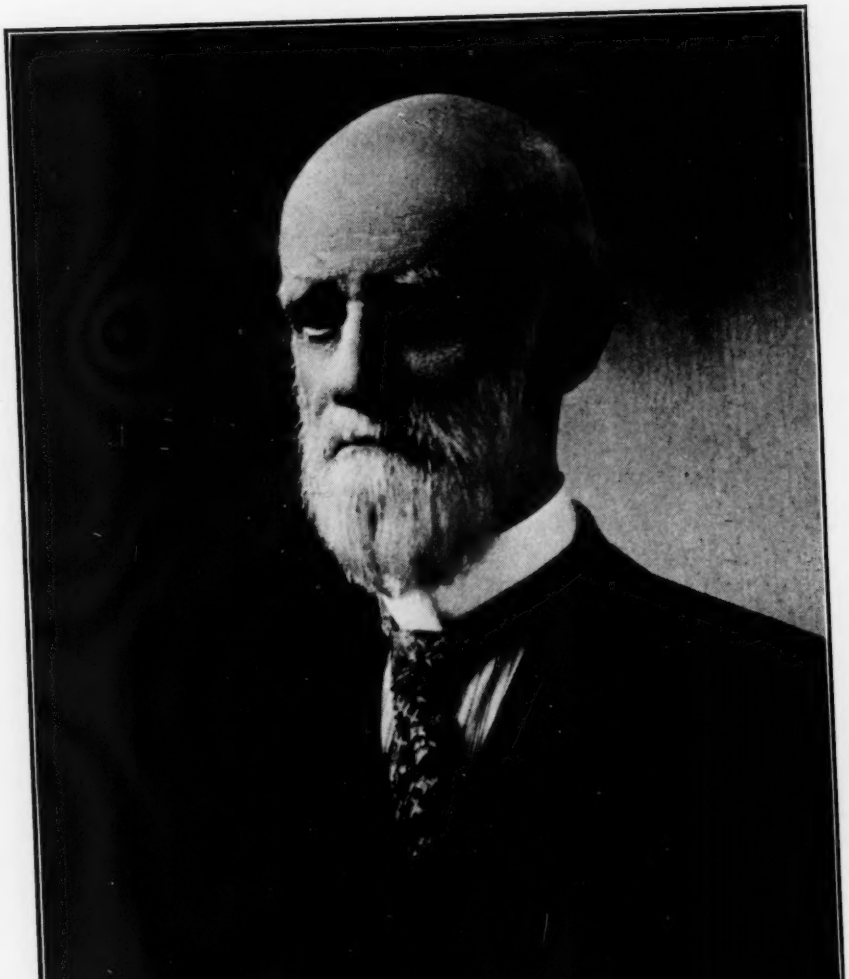
When the moon is big and yellow,
And its light is misty mellow,
And each shadow hides a ghostlet,
Tall, slim, dripping, drooping wraith,
And white cloudlets scamper madly,
Chased by east winds, moaning sadly,
Then you watch for me at midnight,
If in fairies you have faith.

Oh, I'm not the little kitten,
That lost his little mitten,
Nor the great big bold black pussy cat
That struts around in boots;
Nor have I a deep devotion
Towards adventures on the ocean
With a solemn, silly owlet
That just hoots, hoots, hoots.

Some cats play "Hey Diddle Diddle",
On a noisy, tricky fiddle,
Some prefer night vocal music
To the instrumental muse;
Those outside of fairy stories,
Quite obtain their highest glories,
When in sunshine, warm, inviting,
They can find a place to snooze.

As for me, majestic, regal,
On a broom, without a wiggle,
Do I ride behind a witchlet
As across the sky she goes;
And my tail is like a duster,
Made of feathers in a cluster,
And it stands up straight behind me,
And it dusts the moon man's nose.

Silhouetted in the moonlight,
I am never seen in noonlight,
Black as Pluto's plunging horses
I go sweeping through the night.
Watch for me. Perhaps you'll shiver,
For my eyes flash sparks that quiver.
In the smoky, spooky midnight
You will surely see a sight.



HENRY HARRISON METCALF

Henry Harrison Metcalf

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH

AGE is not measured by the length of a man's life but by the eternal spirit that dwells within him. Time is not marked by a man-made calendar but by The Everlasting. "The noise of the moment scoffs at the music of The Eternal."

When the simple statement is made that Henry Harrison Metcalf was born April 7, 1841, and is therefore eighty-seven years of age people may reckon his life in the human computation of days and years. They will say, "He is an old man." But Henry Metcalf can never grow old.

A new generation, to which the agonizing days of the Civil War are as remote as Waterloo or the Battle of Hastings, may well salute this man whose life for more than six decades has been linked with the educational, professional, political and journalistic life of New Hampshire and who still retains the keen mentality that has made him a factor in public life since before the days of the Emancipation Proclamation.

New Hampshire is the birthplace of Mr. Metcalf, here much of his education was obtained, here he took his life partner, here their children were born, his own life and that of his people are interwoven with the best traditions of the Granite State, and he is still giving this commonwealth his devoted service.

Newport, where Mr. Metcalf now makes his home for a part of his time, is his birthplace. He was the oldest son of Joseph P. and Lucy (Gould) Metcalf. His family remained in Newport five years after his birth and subsequently lived in Unity, Lempster and Acworth for about equal periods of time until he arrived at his "majority," as we New Englanders term coming legally of age.

The "little red schoolhouse," often rudely constructed, innocent of the red paint associated with it, traditionally, equipped with double seats, unpainted, to which the blades of the boys' jackknives were not unknown, served as a part of the background for Mr. Metcalf's early education. He also received instruction in private schools and attended Mount Caesar Seminary in Swanzey for several terms. Afterward he taught in the rural schools of the state.

That which is too easily obtained is often valued lightly. New Hampshire boys who received higher education in Mr. Metcalf's youth frequently had to struggle for it. So hard was the battle which Henry Metcalf fought to gain his education in law that his health broke under the strain. He went to Michigan in 1862 to enter the law department of Michigan University at Ann Arbor and engaged in farm labor and teaching to pay his way. He was graduated in 1865, standing among the highest in a class of eighty students, many of whom afterward attained high positions in public life. Among these were Frank A. Hooker, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan, and Thomas James O'Brien, United States Ambassador to Japan and Italy.

The young man's graduation thesis, on "The Law of Marriage," was highly commended by Judge Thomas M. Cowley, dean of the law school and eminent jurist.

After he returned to New Hampshire following his graduation, and had regained his health, which was gravely impaired by his struggle to obtain his

University education, Mr. Metcalf entered the law office of Edmund Burke of Newport, the most eminent member of the New Hampshire bar from Sullivan County, to complete his professional education and was there admitted to practice at the September term of Superior Court in 1866. He is now believed to be the oldest member of the New Hampshire bar.

Fate plays strange tricks. With all this preparation for the legal profession and after fully intending to make it his life work, Mr. Metcalf abandoned it at the very outset of his career. It is not as a lawyer but as a journalist and author that he is best known to New Hampshire people.

Early in 1867 the young man set out for Littleton with a Lempster schoolmate, Chester E. Carey, to look over the field with reference to the establishment of a weekly Democratic newspaper. Mr. Carey was a practical printer, then employed on the *Vermont Union* at Lyndon. He was not a writer and sought Mr. Metcalf's co-operation in an editorial capacity on the new sheet which he proposed to establish.

Carey and Metcalf found the field promising and arranged for the purchase of the plant of the *Littleton Gazette*, a small, independent paper then published in the town. It was arranged that the new paper should be started the following autumn. Meanwhile Carey resumed his work at Lyndon and Metcalf put in his time canvassing Grafton County and southern Coos for the new Democratic paper which started publication the first of October under the name of *The White Mountain Republic.*

And it was then that Henry Metcalf's voice and pen became potent in the promulgation of the tenets of the Democratic Party to which he early in life pledged allegiance and which he has consistently served with unfailing fidelity and often militantly through all the years to the present day.

The new paper was well received and made a good start, commanding the support of the leading Democrats of the White Mountain region. Mr. Metcalf liked his work and put his whole heart into it. Aside from his editorial labor he continued to put much time into the field working up circulation and making friendly acquaintance with the Democratic leaders through the northern part of the state who were, in fact, the most active and influential in the entire state.

Mr. Metcalf became so enamoured of his occupation and so enthusiastic in his support of the Democratic party, that although he had planned to make this editorial experience a stepping stone to the practice of law in some northern town, he abandoned the idea and concluded to devote himself to journalism for life. Like all young newspaper folk in a restricted environment, he looked forward to work in some larger and more promising field. This opportunity came sooner than he had expected or even hoped for.

Charles C. Pearson and Company of Concord planned and arranged for the publication of a new Democratic state weekly paper in Concord in the summer of 1868 and interested many leading Democrats in the enterprise. The paper was to be devoted to Jeffersonian doctrines and particularly to oppose railroad and other corporation domination of the state. Edmund Burke was in close sympathy with the proposed enterprise and recommended Mr. Metcalf when the publishers were looking about for an editor. He was finally invited to a conference, offered the position, which he gladly accepted.

Mr. Metcalf continued as political and news editor of the new paper for several

years during which it came to be the most widely circulated and influential Democratic paper in the state. As it was a weekly publication the editor was able to devote considerable time to outside work and during his period of service he traveled into every county and nearly every town in the state. He not only added to the subscription list, but wrote up places and industries and exploited the scenic beauties of the state. All this in a day when the most rapid means of travel into country towns was with Dobbin.

Mr. Metcalf personally secured more than two thousand subscribers, and made the acquaintance of leading men in all sections of the state. It was *The People* that was the first paper to establish a state news department arranged by counties.

Of an independent spirit, and disposition to express himself freely on all questions, Mr. Metcalf naturally came to be dissatisfied with the restraint under which he labored in working for others. In the fall of 1871 he bought the *White Mountain Republic* of Mr. Carey, which he had helped establish in Littleton. He edited this publication as well as *The People* until the following spring when he relinquished his Concord position and moved to Littleton to take full charge of *The Republic.* This he enlarged and improved and made a vigorous expounder of Democratic doctrines, as well as a live local paper.

But the youthful editor was not destined to remain long in the North Country. An insistent call came from Dover and in the spring of 1874 he went to that city and established a Democratic paper. A group of prominent Democrats who were displeased with the action of *Foster's Democrat* in forsaking its party and going over to the Republican fold had determined to have a paper that could be depended upon in all emergencies.

These men were familiar with the reputation of Mr. Metcalf and besought him to come to their rescue. Recalling those days Mr. Metcalf said many years later: "Misled by promises that were never adequately fulfilled and regarding the field a good one, I responded to their call, sold *The Republic,* moved to Dover and there started *The Democratic Press,* afterward known as *The State Press,* which I published for five years, making it, next to *The People,* at Concord, the most extensively circulated Democratic paper in the state."

But starting a newspaper is, at best, a hazardous undertaking. There were two other papers in the city, the advertising and job printing patronage upon which most papers are largely dependent for support, proved inadequate for profitable continuance.

Foster's Democrat, which had been generally expected to go out of existence, commanded the support of certain financial interests outside of politics and continued in the field. This, with the Republican paper, *The Dover Inquirer,* made the competition too close for profit, and Mr. Metcalf wisely decided not to continue the struggle. So, in the spring of 1879, he turned *The Press* and its plant, into which he had put the fruits of his labor in previous years, over to The Press Publishing Company and went to Concord where he continued the publication of *The Granite Monthly* magazine, which he had started in Dover in 1877.

In the subsequent autumn Stilson Hutchins of Washington, with some associates, purchased the *Manchester Union,* then published as an evening paper, along with the weekly *Union Democrat,* with the avowed purpose of issuing a morning daily and giving it a

state wide circulation. Mr. Hutchins, seeking an editor, heard of Mr. Metcalf and invited him to a conference. He engaged him for the position and Mr. Metcalf began his duties in November, when the issue of the morning paper commenced.

Mr. Metcalf remained with *The Union* two years, until the fall of 1891, which period covered the exciting Garfield and Hancock campaign when partisan controversy ran high. During this period *The Union* maintained a position as earnest champion of the Democratic cause. It was at the opening of the legislative session of 1891 that *The Union,* through Mr. Metcalf's efforts, accomplished a feat never undertaken before or since. It published in a single issue brief personal sketches of all the members of the legislature, some of which were obtained with great difficulty.

Dr. J. C. Moore of Laconia, one of Mr. Hutchinson's partners, secured control of *The Union* and decided to assume the position of editor. Mr. Metcalf was immediately offered an editorial position on the *Manchester Mirror and American* by its editor, Col. John B. Clarke. *The Mirror and American* was at that time the leading Republican paper of the state and entered into partisan politics with a zeal and fire that is well remembered by older citizens of New Hampshire. Its editorials, for years written by Henry M. Putney, "Old Put," were masterpieces of political satire, scathing and scorching.

It is easy to realize that an ardent Democrat like Mr. Metcalf fired with fervor for his party principles, could not bring himself conscientiously to accept a position upon a publication of such strong Republican allegiance as *The Mirror.* He declined with thanks.

The Pearson Company at Concord, which had absorbed the old *New Hampshire Patriot* and united it with *The People,* had been having a varied experience with its editors and about this time found itself without one. Mr. Metcalf was offered the position and for ten years thereafter was in editorial charge of *The People and Patriot,* which in the meantime passed into the hands of a stock company by which a daily paper was also established.

In the spring of 1892, a change of ownership having been effected, Mr. Metcalf resigned as editor and was never afterward officially connected with the paper, though a frequent contributor to its columns. Nor had he any advertised connection with any paper, except as political editor of the *New Hampshire Democrat,* a paper published by J. C. Smith, at Portsmouth, from April, 1924 to April, 1928.

For many years, however, Mr. Metcalf has done a great deal of work for various papers. He furnished the editorial matter for *The Portsmouth Times,* published by the late Col. True L. Norris from 1896 to 1908. For this paper he also wrote a weekly Concord letter and for five years wrote the editorials for *The Cheshire Republican,* a weekly Democratic paper published in Keene.

Mr. Metcalf has served at various times as New Hampshire correspondent for *The New York World, Herald* and *Times,* and *the Boston Post.*

Meanwhile Mr. Metcalf was connected intermittently with the *Granite Monthly,* which he had founded. Three different times it passed back into his hands after having been disposed of, one period of control and editorship extending from 1906 to 1918. Sometimes when the magazine would leave his hands its fortunes would become low, but he felt a paternal interest in the publication and preserved it for the future benefit of the state as a medium of information along historical and biographical lines, as well

as a service to material progress and a means of literary culture.

But not in journalism and magazine work alone have Mr. Metcalf's literary talents been employed. He has published several books of state interest, including "New Hampshire Agriculture," "One Thousand New Hampshire Notables," a Who's Who of New Hampshire; "New Hampshire in History," and "Sullivan County Recollections," as well as having edited "New Hampshire Women" for the New Hampshire Publishing Company, and the Sullivan County Centennial volume, depicting the county's one hundredth anniversary celebration.

Aside from journalism and literary work Mr. Metcalf has long been active in other lines. Regarding successful agriculture as the basis of national prosperity and the Grange as a powerful agent for the promotion of the farmers' interests as well as the social and educational welfare of the state, he became a charter member of Capital Grange, No. 113, of Concord, in 1886. He was its first lecturer and served many subsequent years in that capacity. He also served as master. He was a charter member and eleven times lecturer of Merrimack County Pomona and was for six years lecturer of the State Grange. For thirty years he devoted as much time and effort to the promotion of Grange interests as any man in the state.

Coming of Revolutionary ancestry, all four of his great grandfathers having been enrolled in their country's service in the Revolution, he early joined the New Hampshire Society, Sons of the American Revolution. His membership in that organization is held through virtue of the service of his paternal great grandfather, Lieut. Samuel Metcalf, who fought at Bunker Hill and on various enlistments throughout the war. He is a direct descendent of Michael Metcalf, who came from England in 1637, settled in Dedham, Mass., and was the first schoolmaster in that town. Mr. Metcalf has served as president and historian of the New Hampshire society of the Sons of The American Revolution.

When the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association was organized through the instrumentality of Governor Rollins, in 1899, Mr. Metcalf was chosen a member of the executive committee and served in that capacity until 1914, when he succeeded Governor Rollins as president of the association, an office he still holds. He has given his devoted service to the work of the association throughout the years.

When the National Grange had accepted the invitation of the Concord Commercial club to hold its annual session for 1892 in that city, it became necessary for much to be done in preparation for the event. Mr. Metcalf was asked to assume the duties of the then incapacitated secretary and executive officer of that body soon afterward known as the Board of Trade and later as the Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Metcalf, always ready to render public service, took command of the situation, and needless to say, the funds were raised, the large gathering comfortably housed and everything accomplished efficiently at an expenditure of more than $1,200.

At the next election Mr. Metcalf was formally chosen secretary and continued for fifteen years in that capacity with the Board of Trade, as it came to be known. During his incumbency the National Grange was again entertained in 1898. Five sessions of the State Grange were also held in the city entailing an expenditure of more than $500 on each occassion.

During this time he was also secretary

of the New Hampshire Board of Trade for nine years, during a period when that body was actually accomplishing things, was holding quarterly meetings throughout the state at which questions of material interest were discussed by competent speakers. The arrangements for these sessions were in Mr. Metcalf's hands.

Mr. Metcalf's religious affiliation is with the Universalist church and he has for many years been active in that denomination. He has been a member of the First Universalist society of Concord for forty-five years; has served as a member of the prudential committee, as moderator of the parish for many years, as superintendent of the Sunday school and is now the senior deacon of the church. He was for nine years vice president of the Universalist State convention, six years a member of the board of trustees and was made a life member of the convention four years ago, the first member ever elected to that position.

Mr. Metcalf was an active advocate of the cause of woman suffrage from the early days, worked with Carrie Chapman Catt in campaigning for the cause in this state and is the only man who ever introduced an equal suffrage resolution in a political state convention in New Hampshire. He was also the first person to introduce such a resolution in the Universalist General Convention of the United States.

No man in the state has been recognized as a more ardent supporter of the Democratic cause in New Hampshire than has Mr. Metcalf for the last fifty years. He served as secretary of the Democratic state committee in 1869 and 1870; was a delegate to the national convention in 1876 and was president of the state convention in 1900. He served for some time as chairman of the Democratic city committee of Concord and has been a delegate to nearly every state convention of the party since 1867, often serving on the platform committee.

With no hope of election, he has allowed his name to go on the party ticket in times past for various offices from ward moderator to representative to Congress.

Now, in his eighty-eighth year, he is a candidate for State Senator in the Concord district, hoping against odds for an election, that he may close his career with a useful service to his native state.

Mr. Metcalf has been a member of the Board of Education of Littleton and auditor of the Union School district of Concord, in the welfare of whose schools he has felt a deep interest for many years. In the last few years he has agitated for a woman's college in the state, a dream that will some day come true, and has to some extent through Junior college course at the Colby Girls' School.

As a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1918-21 Mr. Metcalf took an active part and worked vainly to promote amendments looking to the abolition of the executive council and the Constitutional Convention, both, in his opinion, in the interest of economy and good government.

For two years Mr. Metcalf served in the appointive office of Editor of State Papers, or State Historian, 1913-1915, through appointment by Governor Felker. Mr. Metcalf says that "although deprived through partisan hostility in withholding the appropriation for the office of the opportunity to serve the state through preserving in proper form its work in the development of the nation, I have maintained my interest in such work and have not failed to do all in my power to stimulate popular pride in the state's historical record."

Through Mr. Metcalf's instigation the Concord Board of Trade and city government in 1915 arranged for and carried out an appropriate celebration of the 150th anniversary of the charter of Concord as a township, and he served as chairman of the general committee and of the program committee.

He framed and secured the passage of the measure by the Legislature of the act providing for the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the state in 1923, and was secretary of the commission in charge. He also prepared and carried through the legislature the resolution providing for an adequate celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the adoption by New Hampshire of the first independent government in the country in January, 1776. He was also secretary of the commission that carried out that celebration in Concord in June, 1926, and he devoted much time and labor to the work.

Mr. Metcalf was united in marriage December 18, 1869, with Mary Jane, oldest daughter of William and Prucia (Morrill) Jackson of Littleton. She died in Concord, October 9, 1926. Mr. Metcalf faced the loss of his life-time companion with that courage which has marked his entire career.

Three children, all living, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf. They are Harry B. Metcalf, now editor and proprietor of the *Argus-Champion* of Newport; Edmund Burke of Bedford, Mass., many years linotype operator on Boston newspapers, and Laura Prucia, wife of Harlan C. Pearson of Concord. There are also seven grandchildren, and three great grandchildren, the latter sons of Caroline Pearson and William E. Spaulding of Cambridge, Mass., in whom Mr. Metcalf takes special pride.

A Garden

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

Behind a humble bungalow,
Built not so many years ago,
There blooms a garden, small and fair,
Which basks in sunshine everywhere.

Within that garden, small and fair,
Where floral fragrance fills the air,
Some gorgeous dahlias stand arow,
Resplendent like an irised bow.

Like memories from days gone by,
Its old-time flowers please your eye,
Aglow in sunshine's golden light—
Pink, blue and scarlet, yellow, white.

Within that garden fair, we see
The butterfly and busy bee,
Where flowers bloom and flowers grow
Behind a humble bungalow.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, HOOKSETT

One-Hundredth Anniversary

AGNES FADDEN

NEW ENGLAND is dotted with white churches of dignified architecture within whose walls have been written the living records of a sturdy and God-fearing people. Typical of these is the Congregational church at Hooksett, N. H., which was completed eighty-two years ago and in which was held the one hundredth anniversary of the church society September 16.

This church has been served by twenty-four pastors, only seven of whom are now living, so far as can be ascertained. These, who have been invited to be present on this anniversary occasion, are Rev. W. S. Miller, Rev. David F. Atherton, Rev. Charles B. Wathen, Rev. J. H. Bliss, Rev. Daniel S. Robinson, Rev. Charles B. Williams, Rev. Morris H. Turk, and Rev. Alfred T. Hillman who acted as pastor for some time.

Interwoven with the history of all churches in New England is always the record of toil and sacrifice of their women, and this is no less true of the Congregational church in Hooksett. For many years a faithful group of women, organized into a Ladies' Aid Society, has labored unceasingly for the welfare of the organization and the newly renovated building with its bright new carpet and shining pews in which the service is held at this time is a testimony to the zeal of these workers.

On January 22, 1828, an ecclesiastical council met to act on letters received from various individuals in Hooksett asking for the formation of a Congregational church. The following were present: Rev. Abraham Burnham of Pembroke, Rev. Roger C. Hatch of Hopkinton, Rev. William H. Talbot of West Nottingham, Rev. Nathaniel Bouton of Concord, Rev. Henry Wood of Goffstown. There were also delegates present from each church represented and these were Josiah Kittredge of Pembroke, Foster Townes of West Nottingham, Nathaniel Abbot of Concord and Jonathan Aiken of Goffstown.

A "Church of Christ" was formed, officers chosen, a confession of faith and covenant of faith administered to seven. These were Roger Dutton, Susan Moulton, Sarah Head, Zebiah Hersey, Mehitable Hersey, Mary Otterson and Arria Mitchell. These composed the membership of the church at its organization, according to the records, yellowed with age, and written in the fine, flowing handwriting of Nathaniel Bouton, "scribe." The services at this event consisted of a prayer by Rev. Roger C. Hatch and a sermon by Rev. Nathaniel Bouton. There was also hymn-singing.

There was no church building at this time and meetings were held in the present town hall. A pastor was called, Rev. Joseph A. E. Long, and under his pastorate eighteen were admitted to membership. The succession of pastors that followed Mr. Long comprised Rev. Charles Boynton, 1833-1835; Rev. Humphrey Moore, Rev. W. C. Greenleaf, 1837; Rev. S. E. Jewett, 1838. Records are unavailable for the years intervening until February, 1846, when Rev. James W. Perkins was called.

The Congregational Society was formed March 7, 1846 and the church building was erected in that year upon the land given by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Head, grandparents of Capt. Samuel Head, with the proviso that the church be maintained in the Congregational faith. The vestry was built later.

An all day dedicatory service was held August 30, 1846, with Mr. Perkins preaching in the forenoon and Mr. French of Peterborough in the afternoon.

Rev. John Lawrence was called in 1848 and served for two years. In December, 1850, the church, which then numbered sixty members, called Rev. Joseph W. Tarleton at a salary of $500, $100 of which was paid by the Home Missionary society. At that time a salary of $500 was not considered particularly small and many ministers labored for even less. But it must be confessed that this was usually augmented by the "donation" of many necessities of life by the members of the parish.

Five years later Rev. William Forbes received a call to the church and he stayed three years, or until 1858, when Rev. E. H. Caswell came. He acted as pastor for a time and then was called as a regular minister and remained until 1860 when Rev. Martin Leffinwell preached two Sundays and was engaged. He remained until 1865 and in July of that year Rev. A. Burnham was chosen and preached until March 31, 1872.

Today the federation of churches is common enough and the idea is growing. But a half century ago there was much less tolerance among the various denominations in the Protestant church than at the present time. It is therefore a tribute to the harmony that existed among the people of Hooksett that for several years they maintained a Union church in which the people of the Methodist and Congregational faiths worshipped together.

These two denominations held services in the town hall for several years and continued to do so for a time after the new church was built, in spite of Mr. Head's proviso that the building should only be used for Congregational meetings.

The clerk of the church during this period was the late Frank C. Towle and his records show that in the year 1872 there were 56 members. Rev. J. E. Robbins, a Methodist minister, was the first pastor of the union church and as the rules of that denomination allowed a minister to remain in one parish a maximum period of three years his stay was limited by this requirement.

It is due to this ruling in the Methodist Episcopal church, probably, that so many pastors came and went during these years. Among these are the names, familiar to the older residents, of Rev. William Leonard, Rev. John Wilder, Rev. Charles Taintor, Rev. S. D. Kellogg, Rev. John Rollins, Rev. J. P. DeMerritt, Rev. A. C. Coult, Rev. Morris Turk, Rev. W. S. A. Miller, Rev. J. B. Stuart, Rev. Robert Humphrey, Rev. David F. Atherton and Rev. Charles B. Wathen.

The love which the residents of the community have held for the church has been manifest through their generous gifts. There is the exceptional munificence of Mrs. Jabez Greene, who gave a house for a parsonage and who later gave a baptismal bowl, tankard, four goblets and two plates for a communion set.

When the church was remodeled and renovated in the summer of 1911 the parsonage was moved to its present location. Deacon J. Hollis Morgan, with characteristic zeal, solicited funds for the work and after the interior of the church was to his liking held the celebration in observance of the twentieth wedding anniversary of himself and Mrs. Morgan within its walls. This celebration was incidental, however, to the rededication of the church. The address was given by Rev. David Fraser of Manchester.

The records show that Rev. J. H. Bliss

came to the church as pastor in 1911 and remained until November, 1914. During the next year there was no settled pastor, many ministers speaking from the pulpit. From 1915 to 1917 seems to have been a particularly prosperous era. The salary of the minister was raised to $900 and Rev. Daniel S. Robinson was called. During his pastorate many united with the church. The last resident pastor was Rev. Charles B. Williams who served from 1917 to 1922. Since he left the work here the pulpit has been filled by Rev. Alfred T. Hillman and by Harold M. Smith, principal of Pembroke Academy.

What is now the Ladies' Aid Society was organized fifty-five years ago as the Ladies' Union Sewing Circle. The exact date of this organization was January, 1873. January 16, 1896, it was reorganized as the Ladies' Aid Society. Through the years its membership has not varied to any marked extent. Originally there were thirty-seven members, seven of whom were men and who were honorary members. The largest membership at any one time was fifty-two and at the present time is thirty—exactly the original number exclusive of the men.

It is also a peculiar coincidence that the present membership of the church is exactly the same as it was eighty-nine years ago. This membership is forty-three, with several of the members residing out of town. Mrs. Lizzie Thompson Morse, who now lives in Suncook, and Hiram Warren Austin are the living members who have belonged to this church for the longest period. They joined January 1, 1881. Among others who have retained their membership for a considerable period are Mrs. Eva Otterson, Eben Chase, Mrs. Sarah H. Chase, Mrs. Hiram W. Austin, Mrs. Julia A. SaltMarsh, Mrs. Martha A. Carbee, Mrs. Mary J. Mitchell, Miss Mary Fuller, Deacon J. Hollis Morgan and Mrs. Morgan.

Among the more recent gifts to the church is one by Thomas L. Poor who seven years ago presented a new furnace and had it installed. The love and sacrifice of many others have been expressed in other ways, and whether it is a pot of baked beans or a pie for a church supper, or hours of labor in cleaning and renovating the building, the heart of the people of this parish has been in the work.

The years record few misunderstandings, rows or "church maulings." On the whole the people have lived together in peace and harmony and the church, as an organization, and the building as a tangible feature of the physical aspect of the village, have been indispensable and abiding.

The various organizations within the church, the choir, the Sunday school, the Christian Endeavor and the church society, have worked together in harmony for the good of the whole. For more than a score of years Arthur D. Brown has faithfully served the Sunday School as its superintendent. Outstanding in the service rendered by the choir stand the names of Leona M. Worthley, Bernice Worthley, Mildred Rowell and Ella Morgan.

Today the zeal of the people of this parish is as genuine as in the days of old and we can fervently say in the words of the hymn

"We love Thy church, O God,
Her walls before Thee stand
Dear as the apple of Thine eye
And graven on Thy hand."

Real Authors

MARION L. BOOTHMAN

ON A SATURDAY night in August in the year of our Lord 1928 the streets of the Capital City were thronged with shoppers. At this point let me pause to introduce our hero, the average citizen and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Jones of Concord, and their little boy, A. C. Jones, Jr., who, like Satan in the book of Job, came also.

As this immortal trio was passing the Monitor building J u n i o r nudged his father's elbow, nearly upsetting and making premature squash pie of the ingredients of the Sunday dinner which the average citizen was obediently carrying home in his wife's market basket.

"Lookit, pa!" exclaimed Junior. "See what Mr. Tuttle's got in the Publicity window this time."

"Books by New Hampshire authors," cut in Mrs. Jones while her husband disentangled the asparagus from the strawberries and rescued the roast from a passing dog. "Yes, dear, I read all about it in the paper. I meant to come right down street this morning and ask that nice girl in the Publicity office to show me the new books, all autographed copies and all gifts straight from the publishers."

"Jiminny crickets!" ejaculated Junior, "I've counted more'n a hundred already and haven't begun on those sets in boxes."

"That can't be right, son," remonstrated the average citizen, emerging from the vegetables. "That's too many. The paper said, 'books by living or recent New Hampshire authors.' There haven't been enough authors in this state since 1492 to write a hundred books. Either you can't count straight or Tuttle's made some mistake and annexed a lot of Massachusetts and California writers. This Publicity Bureau is too doggone aggressive."

"I guess Frances Abbott's no Massachusetts miss and even you, A. C.," retorted Mrs. Jones, "even you can't say Grace Blanchard was ever brought up anywhere but in Concord, where she has spent all her life so far and will probably be librarian to her dying day. Can't you see Miss Abbott's *Birds and Flowers about Concord, N. H.,* ready to fly in your face, you doubting Thomas. And there's the *Island Cure* and those two girls' books about Phillida. That's not all the Concord people either. What about Mr. Metcalf's history of New Hampshire and that new poet, what's his name, Jenkins? He's come and settled down in the Capital City just in time for Concord to have the honor of being the home of the author of *Heavenly Bodies.*"

"Wait a minute, Jane," Mr. Jones interposed mildly. "You know Jenkins is one of these free verse cranks and not too well known at that. If he wrote straight honest-to-goodness homey poems and had his stuff syndicated like Eddie Guest he might be worth boasting of. If there isn't a book by Mr. Hammond at the Historical Society! *A Check List of New Hampshire Local History,* now what does he mean by that?"

Mrs. Jones had no chance to bestow the meed of approval on Mr. Hammond's useful bibliography, for her son occupied the center of the stage.

"Gee, ma!" he burst out, "there's *Jimmy, the Story of a Black Bear Cub.* I wish Mr. Tuttle would let me have

that one. I've read *The Sprite* and *Polaris* and *Animal Heroes in the Great War* but I like *Jimmy* best. Did you know Mr. Baynes was dead now? Teacher says ain't it too bad he can't write any more animal stories. He sure beats those Burgess books a mile. Gee! There's another real boy's book, the *King's Powder*. Old Georgie got it back in his teeth. The Americans hid it in the church and then at Bunker Hill they gave it back to the King's soldiers all right, all right. The Britishers got their own powder in the neck."

The average citizen was growing restive. He didn't propose to stand on the street corner all night with a heavy market basket on one arm and a bag of potatoes on the other while Junior and Mrs. Jones prattled their bookish credos. He could see that the books on antiques by Alice Van Leer Carrick had caught his wife's eye.

"Oh, yes! The *Next-to-nothing House,*" she murmured to herself. "Of course I have that and *Collector's Luck in France,* but what's this new one? M'm, *Collector's Luck in England.* They say Early American is going out and that foreign antiques are all the rage."

The average citizen shifted the potatoes to a more comfortable position, that is, more comfortable for him. The grocer might not have given full measure but that bag was nevertheless a peck of trouble. Just then he saw two books that apparently held no interest for his wife and son. At least they hadn't mentioned Ralph D. Paine's *Roads of Adventure* nor O'Kane's *Trails and Summits of the White Mountains.*

"Jane," orated A. C. Jones in his best rotarian manner, "you have given us a lot of blah but you have wholly neglected to mention the cream of this exhibit. Here are two books that any he-man would be proud to own. I refer, madam, to *Trails and Summits of the White Mountains* by a real mountaineer and honest-to-gosh camper if he is a college professor, and to *Roads of Adventure* by another he-man who saw service on the seven seas as a war correspondent. Let us give all honor to Prof. O'Kane and to the memory of his Durham neighbor, Ralph D. Paine."

"Gee, Pa, is he the guy who wrote *Firstdown, Kentucky!* and *Cadet of the Black Star Line?* I didn't know he lived in Durham. Joe's dad's got *Trails of the Green Mountains,* too, and he's going to buy the Adirondack one red hot off the press."

Mrs. Jones was not content to go home until she had sung the praises of Tilden's *Spanish Prisoner.* "To think he lives down here in Pembroke and his daughter goes to the Academy just as common as anyone," she lectured on, and then exclaimed over Robert Frost's *New Hampshire.*

"When you see that and *Tristram,* two Pulitzer prize poems, how dare you stand up in your shoes, A. C. Jones, and say that New Hampshire hasn't got poets? Who knows but Oliver Jenkins will get the next prize?"

Mr. Jones summoned the courage to retort that once you admitted the work of the MacDowell colony where Robinson wrote *Tristram* the devil was to pay. You could claim any foreigner you chose. Look at Padriac Colum!

But Mrs. Jones raced on to Mrs. Keyes' *Letters from a Senator's Wife.* "There's another smart woman for you!" she declared. "In the Moses campaign you men said, 'Who asks who is the Senator from New Hampshire?' That's all right, but if anyone says 'the wife of the Senator from New Hampshire' everyone knows they mean Mrs. Keyes."

"And there's another Concord author," she continued, "Charles Rumford

Walker. See his novel, *Bread and Fire,* that came out last spring. You know, he makes me think," she spoke with unusual literary discernment for Mrs. A. C. Jones, "something of Winston Churchill. Not of course that they are anything alike, but Churchill was a great old muckraker in his time. There's *Coniston* right before our eyes. And Charles Rumford Walker's another reformer, twenty years later, another flaming youth with a message. Of course, Churchill's stand was against corrupt politics and the fashion has changed now to economics, but the principle's the same. The author of *Bread and Fire* with his old steel works takes himself just as seriously as the author of *Mr. Crewe's Career.*"

The average citizen hastened to escape the deep waters of c r i t i c i s m. He promptly thrust the bag of potatoes on Junior, and taking his wife by the arm steered her home at a rapid pace.

FIFTEEN OF THE BOOKS THAT JUNIOR SAW

Abbott, Frances Matilda. *Birds and flowers about Concord, N. H.* 1906

Baynes, Ernest Harold *Jimmy, the story of a black bear cub* 1923

Blanchard, Grace *Island cure* 1922

Carrick, Alive Van Leer *Collector's luck in England* 1926

Dudley, Albertus True *King's powder* 1923

Frost, Robert *New Hampshire; a poem with notes and grace notes* 1923

Hammond, Otis Grant *Check list of New Hampshire local history* 1925

Jenkins, Oliver *Heavenly bodies* 1928

Keyes, Frances Parkinson *Letters from a senator's wife* 1924

Metcalf, Henry Harrison *New Hampshire in history; or The contribution of the Granite state to the development of the nation* 1922

O'Kane, Walter Collins *Trails and summits of the White mountains* 1925

Paine, Ralph Delahaye *Roads of adventure* 1922

Robinson, Edwin Arlington *Tristram* 1927

Tilden, Freeman *Spanish prisoner* 1928

Walker, Charles Rumford *Bread and fire; a novel* 1927

Recalling Her First Party

FANNY H. RUNNELLS POOLE

Why do I love him? What surprising vision
Is breaking like the sunrise on the shore?
What revelation, rainbow-hued, Elysian,
Attracts me more and more?

It's not alone his voice of mellow sweetness,
Or that his manners every fear disarm,
That in his presence I find joy's completeness,
And song's accordant charm;

But when, that night, the others dozed in blindness,
And I was haunted by a fond romance,
Alone he came, and with discerning kindness
Invited me to dance.

New Hampshire Necrology

SETH F. HOSKINS

Seth F. Hoskins, born in Lyman, N. H., March 24, 1844; died in Lisbon, August 22, 1928.

He was the son of Luther B. and Lucy (Walker) Hoskins, and was educated in the public schools and at Peacham (Vt.) Academy. For five years after leaving school he was employed in the general store of Parker & Young in Lisbon, and later was engaged for four years in partnership with Charles E. Cummings in the same line of business. Then he became a partner with Dr. Henry C. Bowles and engaged in the summer hotel business at Sugar Hill, the firm erecting there the Sunset Hill House, which, under the management of Mr. Hoskins, became one of the most popular resorts in the White Mountain region. He continued in the management until in recent years he had been relieved by his son, Carl S., a Dartmouth graduate of 1893.

Mr. Hoskins was a Republican in politics and active in party affairs. He was for some time chairman of the Lisbon Board of Education, served two terms in the House of Representatives and one in the State Senate, and was a member of the staff of Gov. N. J. Bachelder. He was also for some time a director of the Lisbon Savings Bank and Trust Company. He was a member of Kame Lodge of Masons at Lisbon, of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association and the New Hampshire Hotel Association.

He married, in early life, Miss Elizabeth Stevens of Hardwick, Vt., who died in 1919, leaving two sons, who survive, Carl S., before mentioned, and Dr. Neal L. of Detroit, Mich.

ARTHUR W. DUDLEY

Arthur W. Dudley, born in Brentwood, N. H., July 22, 1846; died there, August 21, 1928.

He was the son of Winthrop H. and Mary F. (Robinson) Dudley, and was educated in the public schools, Pinkerton Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter in 1867.

Following his graduation, he went to Chicago and secured a position on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. The following spring he was assigned to the railroad's western division in Nebraska as division engineer of construction, remaining there until the following October, when he was stricken with pneumonia and he was compelled to return home. After his recovery he was employed as assistant engineer on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad with headquarters in Bridgeport, Conn., remaining there until obliged to return to Brentwood to care for his aged father and grandparents.

Subsequently he was engaged for several years in railroad work in Florida. Returning to Brentwood, he did survey work for the Exeter water works system, the Derry system, the Derry and Chester Railroad and the Concord and Portsmouth road. In 1895 he was called to Manchester to take charge, with Engineer Joseph B. Sawyer, of important extensions to the city's water system. At the retirement of Mr. Sawyer in 1897 he took over their office and engineering practice, which he conducted for over thirty years. During this time he designed and had charge of construction of nearly fifty municipal water systems in New Hampshire and other New Eng-

land states. He was appointed by Gov. Frank W. Rollins a member of the commission that laid out the ocean boulevard in 1899, and in 1912 Gov. Robert P. Bass appointed him to the public service committee to serve on cases where permanent members became disqualified on account of previous connection with interested parties.

He served Brentwood as selectman, road agent, member of the school board, library trustee and was a member of the constitutional convention of 1889. He was representative in the Legislature in 1895 and 1897.

He was a Mason, and a Patron of Husbandry, having been master of Newborough Grange of Brentwood, and lecturer of East Rockingham Pomona Grange.

In the summer of 1872 he married Mary I. Lamprey of Moultonboro, who died in 1880. Three children were born to this union, Fred L. Dudley of Randolph, Vt., district highway commissioner of Vermont; Mary F. Dudley, dietician at the Boston State Hospital, and John H. Dudley of Brentwood. In 1881 he married Clara F. Hook of Brentwood, also now deceased.

GEORGE C. PRESTON

George C. Preston, born in Manchester, August 17, 1848; died in Henniker, August 25, 1928.

He was the son of Luke W. and Mary F. Preston, and educated in the public schools and Francestown Academy. In 1868 he removed to Henniker and engaged in mercantile business, continuing in the same business and location till 1917.

He held the office of town clerk and postmaster of Henniker, and in 1891 represented the town in the Legislature. In 1893 he was a member of the state senate from the ninth district and was at the time of his death the last survivor of the twenty-four members of that year. He was a charter member of Crescent Lodge, I. O. O. F., and also a member of Aurora Lodge, A. F. and A. M. He was an attendant and active in the work of the local Congregational church.

In 1871 he was married to Miss Emma J. Boynton of Francestown, who died five years ago. The survivors are a son, Harry B. Preston; a brother, Arthur G. Preston, both of Henniker, and a niece and a nephew.

MRS. JENNIE CLAPP ROLFE

Jennie Clapp Rolfe, born in Nashua, N. H., May 13, 1855; died in Lisbon, August 23, 1928.

She was a daughter of Thomas W. and Sabina A. (Taylor) Clapp, who removed to Concord in her childhood, where her father was subsequently mayor of the city. She was a graduate of the Concord High School in the class of 1874.

For many years Mrs. Rolfe had been prominent in the Daughters of the American Revolution and was a charter member of Rumford Chapter of Concord. She was chairman of the committee which secured the New Hampshire state flag for Continental Hall in Washington, D. C., and a member of the committee to secure the final payment on Continental Hall. For three years she filled the office of state registrar of the society. She was also a former regent of Rumford Chapter. Mrs. Rolfe was also affiliated with the New Hampshire Chapter, Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America.

She was a member of the South Congregational Church, the Concord Woman's Club, the New Hampshire Historical Society, the Friendly Club, Red Cross, and was a patron member of

the Associates of the New Hampshire Memorial Hospital.

On June 6, 1877, she was married to Benjamin Stodder Rolfe, who, with their son, Benjamin Henry Rolfe, survives.

GEORGE L. SADLER

George L. Sadler, born at Windsor Locks, Conn., December 15, 1866; died in Nashua, September 2, 1928.

He was the son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Lickiss) Sadler, who came to this country from England. He attended the public schools and later entered the employ of the Thompson-Houston Electric Company at Lynn, Mass., taking a course in electrical plant management.

About 1890 he went to Nashua to act in an advisory capacity to the Nashua Electric Light Company, and was so successful that it was not long before he was made general manager of the local company, which position he held until the formation of the Public Service Company of New Hampshire. On November 10, 1926, he was promoted to general manager of the Nashua division of that company.

Mr. Sadler was active in church work, being a member and vestryman of the Church of the Good Shepherd. Socially, he was a thirty-second degree Mason, and a member of the Mystic Shrine. He was also a member of the Elks, Knights of Pythias, Rotary Club, Nashua Country Club, National Electric Light Association, and the Boston City Club. Politically, he was an ardent Republican, and as such was elected representative from Ward 2, senator from the 12th district, and councillor from this district in 1921-22, serving under Gov. Albert O. Brown, and had been a trustee of the New Hampshire State Sanitarium at Glencliff for several years.

He is survived by his widow; one son, Paul; a grandson, Paul, Jr.; three brothers, Ernest and Leroy Sadler of Hartford, Conn., Frank Sadler, Taunton, Mass., and a sister, Mrs. J. O. Coogan, of Hartford, Conn.

MAURICE BARNARD

Maurice Barnard, born in Goshen, June 2, 1863; died in Concord, August 15, 1928.

He lived in Goshen, where he attended the public schools, till eighteen years of age, when he removed with his parents to Newbury, and was engaged in a country store at South Newbury for two years, when he went to Concord and entered the employ of the wholesale grocery firm of Woodworth, Dodge & Co., since known as Woodworth & Co., with which he continued through life, through his ability and energy reaching the position of president of the company, which he held for many years past and gaining high rank among the business men of Concord.

Mr. Barnard was an earnest Democrat, a Methodist in religion, and prominent in the Masonic order.

In 1889 he married Belle Frances McIntire of Concord, who survives him. He is also survived by two daughters, Marjorie Shirley, who resides at home, and Dorothy, now Mrs. Russell Sanford, of Worcester, Mass. He is also survived by a brother, Guy W., of South Acton, Mass.

MRS. MIRIAM B. JENKINS

Miriam Bancroft Jenkins, born in Concord, April 24, 1894; died in Hankow, China, August 3, 1928.

Mrs. Jenkins was the daughter of Susan C. and the late Dr. Charles P. Bancroft. She was educated in the public schools, St. Mary's School in Concord and Abbott Academy at Andover, Mass., and later graduated from the Peter Bent Brigham Training School for Nurses.

For two years following her graduation she was very active in organizing the Tuberculosis Association in Rockingham County. She was stationed in Exeter, where, as throughout the county, she made many friends. She was a zealous member of Christ Episcopal Church. In 1922, accredited thereto, she went to Wuchang, China, to work for the Church General Hospital in that vicinity. After three years of service in this field, interrupted for a brief period by the Chinese revolution, she married Walter C. Jenkins, of Durham, N. C., the American representative of a New York importing house to China.

Besides her husband and mother, Mrs. Jenkins is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Asa Sheverick, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mrs. John R. McLane, of Manchester.

REV. WILLIAM RAMSDEN

Rev. William Ramsden of Newfields, long a prominent member of the New Hampshire Methodist Conference, died in Boston, August 2, 1928.

He was born in Leeds, England, seventy-five years ago, but came to America in early life, and after working for a time in the mills at Lawrence, Mass., attended the seminary at Tilton and the Boston University Divinity School preparatory to the Methodist ministry. His first pastorate was in Benton in 1879. Subsequently he served in Lawrence, Derry, Woodsville, Rochester, Newport, Bethlehem, Concord, Salem, Newmarket and Newfields. At Newmarket he was for several years pastor of the Community Church.

Since retiring from the ministry he had passed the summers at Newfields and the winters at Lake Como, Zephyrville, Fla., preaching at the latter place.

His first wife died in 1918 and later he married Mrs. Wade, of Salem, who survives him, as well as one son, William G. Ramsden, principal of the Friends' Academy of New Bedford, Mass., and one daughter, Miss Ethel M. Ramsden, who teaches in East Orange, N. J.

ALBERT T. BARR

Albert T. Barr, born in Lowell, Mass., August 18, 1847; died in the Hillsboro County Hospital, August 16, 1928.

Mr. Barr came to Manchester in 1862 and had his home in the city ever after. He was engaged in a sash and blind factory for many years, but was later long engaged as a school janitor. He was a member of the 18th New Hampshire regiment in the Civil War. He was a Republican in politics. He had served on the Manchester board of aldermen and represented Ward 4 in the state Legislature in 1903. In 1908 he was elected a member of the Hillsboro Board of County Commissioners, and served continuously till his death, with the exception of a single term, during which service many great improvements were made at the County Farm. He was long active and prominent in Masonry, Odd Fellowship and the G. A. R. He married, December 21, 1867, Susan A. Moore, and is survived by one daughter, Rena B., now Mrs. James S. Orr, of Providence, R. I.

DANA J. MOONEY

Dana J. Mooney, a prominent citizen of Newport, died at his home in that town, August 3, at the age of 87 years.

He was a native of Alton, born June 17, 1841, son of Moses C. and Ann A. Mooney, and was educated in the public schools, New Hampton Academy, Hillsdale College, Mich., and Bates College, Maine. He commenced business life in Newport as a member of the firm of Mooney & Meserve, clothing dealers, later continuing the same alone for some years, but had been retired for a quarter

of a century though devoting much attention to civic improvement and the development of the material resources of the town. He was active in the establishment of Newport's water system, and was chairman of the water and sewer system for many years. He had also served as selectman, member of the school board and representative in the Legislature. He was an active member of the Congregational Church and a deacon emeritus of the same. He was a trustee of the Newport Savings Bank. He was deeply interested in music and a prominent member of the old Sullivan County Musical Association, also a member of Mount Vernon Lodge, A. F. and A. M.

He was twice married. His last wife, who survives him, was Miss Mary Abbie Meserve. He leaves a daughter and son, the latter being Clarence D. Mooney, the noted organist of Laconia; four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

ETHELYN WILLIAMS BURELL

Mrs. Ethelyn Williams Burell passed away at Ahaluna Cottage on Uncanoonuc Mountain August 28. She was state president of the Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont branch of the Shut-in Society, which position she had held for twenty-five years.

She was born in Lancaster, N. H., July 8, 1877, removed to Concord in 1884, came to Manchester in 1917, and married Carl Burell in 1918.

When eleven years old she suffered a severe attack of meningitis from the effects of which she never recovered.

Though badly handicapped she accomplished a far greater work than many having far greater advantages. For the past twenty-five years on each Christmas she, with the help of her associates, sent cheer and hope to at least three hundred members of the Shut-in Society in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont and to a great many outside of her district, and for the past ten years had reached the inmates of most of the homes and hospitals in her district. At Easter she reached almost as many, and each shut-in was remembered on his or her birthday. Through monthly cheer stations many were reached every month with some little gift of cheer. Not only this but she wrote personal letters of cheer to every new member as they came into the society and to all shut-ins in her district as often as time and means allowed.

She will be greatly missed by her shut-ins and associate workers.

Her work will be carried on for the present at least by her husband, Carl Burell, 601 Hall Street, Manchester, N. H., who has shared in her work for the past ten years.

In Memoriam

ETHELYN WILLIAMS BURELL
CARL BURELL

If it is true that when our loved-ones die,
They're really dead, as some would have us say
It would be better if we could die too—
What is there left to live for anyway?
But all within us, truest—highest—best—
Declares to God and man there is no death,
That life—if we have really lived at all—
Is something more than merely mortal breath.

We know in part from whence we must have sprung,
We cannot know, as yet, where we shall go,
There are things that the human mind can't grasp
But we go forward and not back, I know.
To higher, better, freer life she passed;
Is more alive than ever she was here,
With her all things—indeed all things—are well,
'Tis for myself that I must hope and fear.

She used to give me many a task to do—
Not tasks but privileges they were to me,
She left for me a greater task than these
To do and be with she would have me be;
Though loneliness e'er walks life's path with me
My task is not a task but privilege still;
If I should do what she wants me to do
I shall be doing God's most holy will.

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